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# THE MONTH

AND

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## *Cardinal Bellarmine.*

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### PART THE SECOND.

WE could not wish for a stronger testimony of the value of the controversies of Robert Bellarmine than the line of policy which the Protestants adopted on their publication. They said that their author had become a Calvinist, that he had been imprisoned by the Pope, that he had published a confession of his sins, and that absolution had been refused him. These calumnies were not confined to the Continent, but had spread even to the British Isles. In a letter which Bellarmine wrote to King James the First, he says : "I have been told by men whose word I can believe, that some Ministers of your Majesty have reported, not once only, but often, that I have disavowed whatever I have written in defence of the Catholic faith against the Lutherans and Calvinists ; moreover, that I have become a Calvinist, have been imprisoned, judged, and condemned to death by the Sovereign Pontiff. Now, if your Ministers have the audacity to scatter abroad statements which a thousand witnesses can prove to be lies, what falsehoods would they not tell in matters which are intricate and invisible to the senses ? I have neither altered nor changed a syllable of what I have written in defence of the truth against the errors of Luther and Calvin ; neither will I alter nor change a syllable. Besides, I am living publicly at Rome, and enjoying a dignity which I had never desired, because I had chosen '*to be an abject in the house of my God.*' But since He, Whose will both I and all good men must follow, has wished to honour me, He has clothed me with a purple which I never sought, but which under obedience I was obliged to accept."

In close succession to the honours which the publication of his controversies brought him, the publication of his treatise, *De Summi Pontificis potestate*, must have occasioned both to him and his friends no little anxiety and displeasure. His

enemies at Rome maintained that the great Jesuit restricted the authority which our Lord had granted to His Vicar on earth, and Sixtus the Fifth, who was no friend of the Jesuits, in spite of the protests of the Sacred College, placed the book on the Index ; and when, a few years later, France was in a state of frenzy at the assassination of Henry the Fourth, the Parliament of Paris, because it thought the King had fallen by the hand of a Jesuit, had the same work burnt in the streets by the common hangman. On the death, however, of Sixtus the Fifth, the Sacred College removed the work from the Index, and when the French Parliament had recovered its equilibrium, it repented of its imprudence, and Bellarmine's treatise is to this day received everywhere with approval. About this time he was engaged in a contest of a different character. The three first Generals of the Society of Jesus had been Spaniards, and there were not wanting some of the Spanish Jesuits who thought that the right of governing the whole Society should be vested perpetually in one of the Spanish nation. They grew rebellious under the sway of Aquaviva ; they demanded an alteration in the whole Institute ; they lodged their complaints at the feet of Philip the Second ; they appealed to the Sovereign Pontiff, and succeeded in assembling a General Congregation of the Society for the sole purpose of inquiring into the conduct of Aquaviva. The result of the inquiry was a signal triumph for the accused, and the expulsion of some forty Fathers from the Order put an end to the scandal. Bellarmine had his share in the battle. A Spanish Jesuit declared that the doctrine taught by St. Ignatius in his celebrated letter on the virtue of obedience was erroneous, and the genius of the Italian professor was for the moment directed to the defence of his Father's teaching.

Apart from these domestic quarrels, we must now follow Bellarmine through the dangers and sufferings of real warfare. The War of the League had commenced in France ; and though we neither wish to enter into the causes of the war nor to follow its progress, we must remark that its object was to prevent the succession to the French throne of the Protestant Henry of Navarre, and it ended by Henry gaining the crown and becoming a Catholic. Sixtus the Fifth, with the intention of supporting and leading the Catholic party, sent as his legate to France Cardinal Cajetan, and Cardinal Cajetan, with the intention of having a theologian by his side in case any religious discussions should arise, withdrew Bellarmine from the lecture-

hall to the camp. On their way to Paris they saw the horror of war in all its nakedness. Corpses were left unburied on the road side; the rich fields of France were almost as desolate as the African Sahara, and the hamlets "where formerly health and plenty cheered the labouring swain," were but smoking ruins where desolation "saddened all the green." Before leaving Rome Bellarmine had been commanded by the General of the Society on no account to meddle with politics, and he obeyed this injunction even at the risk of offending the Legate, so that whenever the Cardinal was present at any political discussion, Bellarmine would either purposely absent himself, or, if obliged to be present and pressed for his opinion, would at once take care to inform all that he came to France not for political, but for religious purposes, and that the only King he wanted was one who would cause the decrees of the Council of Trent to be observed throughout his dominions. During all these troubles the greatest danger which threatened the Church in France arose from the deliberations of certain Bishops at Tours. They discussed the project of formally rejecting the authority of the Holy See and electing a Patriarch. Cardinal Cajetan, in addition to several other steps which he took to prevent the evil, commissioned Bellarmine to write a letter to the French clergy. His arguments in this letter were directed to show that a remedy for present evils could not be found in a schism, and that the assembled Bishops had no right to discuss the affairs of religion, because as a Papal Legate was in the country he alone had the right to convoke a meeting for that purpose.

Meanwhile the siege of Paris had commenced, which, by the suffering it occasioned, surpassed the siege during the winter months of 1870-71. The troops of Henry the Fourth environed the city, so that all communication with the country was cut off, and the inhabitants suffered so much from famine as to be reduced to chew the roots of trees, the soles of their shoes, even the reins and harness of their horses, to alleviate in some degree the cravings of nature. The Papal Legate, sickening at the sight of the sufferings which surrounded him, sought advice whether the Parisians might submit to the Protestant King of Navarre. The University of Paris declared that the inhabitants could not in conscience submit, and the leading men of the League acquiesced in this decision. Bellarmine, on the contrary, maintained that they might with safe consciences open the gates of the city to the besieger. It is true that for his own

interest Henry had already changed his religion more than once. He became a Catholic to secure the hand of the Princess Margaret, sister of Charles the Ninth, and four years later he became a Protestant to secure the leadership of the Huguenots, and he had, at the time of which we are speaking, expressed a wish to be again *instructed* in the Catholic faith. Bellarmine probably foresaw that sooner or later the title of King of Navarre would be merged in the more splendid one of King of France, and that when he had mounted the throne of St. Louis his own interest would prompt him to embrace the religion of his subjects; and though he might become a Catholic merely to further his own designs, there was always the possibility of his becoming a sincere convert. Whatever were Bellarmine's reasons for this decision, he undoubtedly urged submission, and with this fact before us we cannot understand why Mr. Dyer, in his *History of Modern Europe*, leaves his readers under the impression that the War of the League was the work of the clergy, and particularly of the Jesuits. It is certain that many Jesuits sided with the League, but it is equally certain that many Jesuits were against it. The Provincial of France, Father Mathieu, gave his hearty support to the League, but Father Auger was expelled from Lyons for preaching against it; and when Philip the Second represented to the Pope that Henry's final conversion was a sham, the French King found two good defenders at the Papal Court in the persons of the Jesuit Father Possevin and the Jesuit Cardinal Toledo.

On the death of Sixtus the Fifth Bellarmine was recalled to Rome to revise the Bible, which had been published by the authority of that Pontiff, and had been recommended by the Council of Trent. Soon after his arrival in Rome he was made Rector of the Roman College, the mother-house of studies of the Society of Jesus. His conduct as a Superior may be summed up in very few words. To his subjects he was mildness personified, and in regard to studies would never spare any expense to provide what was necessary in the way of books and scientific instruments. He was, however, especially watchful in repressing any new ideas in philosophy. From a Rectorship at Rome he was shortly promoted to the Provincialship at Naples. In this new capacity he was very reserved in admitting candidates into the Society, requiring in them not only good natural talents and a strong constitution, but a well-tried virtue. For the next few years the history of Cardinal Bellarmine is the

history of a man who was constantly receiving honours and favours from successive Pontiffs. On the death of Cardinal Toledo he was recalled from Naples and made the Pope's theologian ; but as long as he enjoyed this and other dignities he would never reside at the Vatican. An unfurnished room in the Roman College had a greater charm for him than the splendid apartments of a palace. In less than a month he was made Consultor of the Holy Office, and in obedience to the order of Clement the Eighth went to live with the Pope at Ferrara. These duties at once brought him into communication with the leading Cardinals of the day ; and as a child recognizes its mother amongst a crowd of strangers, so did Cæsar Cardinal Baronius recognize in Bellarmine a man whose acquaintance should be formed and whose friendship should be cultivated. The esteem which the author of the *Annales Ecclesiastici* felt for the author of the *Commentaries* lasted until death, and, to use the expression of Baronius, the soul of Jonathan was not more closely united to that of David than was his to Bellarmine's.

These circumstances led many to think that the Jesuit would soon become a Cardinal. Bellarmine was one of the first to perceive the current of men's thoughts, and took every means in his power to prevent the idea from becoming a reality. He begged Father Aquaviva to use his influence with the Pope, and himself determined to seek the feet of His Holiness, so that if arguments could not prevail at least tears might. But all his efforts were unavailing. On March 3, 1599, Clement the Eighth nominated Robert Bellarmine to a vacant hat. "We have chosen him," said the Pope, "because the Church of God has not his equal for learning, and because he is the nephew of a most excellent and holy Pope." No sooner had the Holy Father uttered these words in Conclave than he sent Cardinal Aldobrandini to the College of the Penitentiary, of which Bellarmine was then Rector, with orders that he was not to leave the College under pain of excommunication. As all hope of escaping the dignity by flight was now cut off, he begged the Fathers of the College to go and intercede with the Pope on his behalf, and when this last attempt fell through he burst into tears and exclaimed : "Call me not Noemi (beautiful), but call me Mara (bitter), for the Almighty hath quite filled me with bitterness." On that very day the full robes of a Cardinal were sent to the College, and on seeing them Bellarmine for the last time besought his friends to make one effort more, that he

might still retain his black Jesuit's gown. When he had clothed himself in his new garments he was conducted to the Vatican, and as soon as he had entered the palace the Pope imposed silence upon him, and commanded him by virtue of holy obedience and under pain of mortal sin to accept the dignity without any more useless protests. Thus to his own great sorrow, but to the joy of the Universal Church, was Bellarmine honoured. *Amice, ascende superius* were the words which were applied to him by some members of the Sacred College.

We must not wonder at the repugnance he manifested to receive the purple, for it was the death-blow to his highest aspirations. He became a Jesuit because he wished to live and die a simple religious; and whilst there is no impediment to religious of other Orders accepting ecclesiastical dignities, a Jesuit vows to renounce them. It was the thought of being able to take this vow which attracted Bellarmine in his younger days to the Society, and the command of the Pope to break through it caused him in his latter days such distress. It destroyed his hopes of spending the last years of his life in solitude in preparation for death. It separated him from the companionship of brethren of many years standing, and it forced upon him again the anxieties of a world which he had abandoned for almost half a century. Quite different, however, was his conduct when, three years afterwards, he was appointed Archbishop of Capua. He made no opposition, but willingly accepted a new and onerous responsibility. He argued that since the Pontiff judged he would be of more service to the Church by accepting her dignities than by living in retirement, it would be a sign of cowardice and obstinacy to refuse a post which his Sovereign thought he could fulfil, if not with ease to himself, at least with success in the cause of his religion. Consequently the Arch-bishopric was accepted without a murmur, and he was consecrated by His Holiness Clement the Eighth, April 21, 1602.

When Bellarmine became a Cardinal and an Archbishop, he did not entirely cease to be a Jesuit. He did not lay aside one burden to load his shoulders with another, but retaining as far as possible the religious yoke, added to it the anxieties of a Prince of the Church. His Cardinalship was no sinecure. A change of exterior circumstances wrought no change in his interior spirit. He was not like the hot-house plant which droops and dies if exposed to the cold, nor like the ivy which must cling to something for a support. His mind was self-

sustaining, and he was as capable of enduring the chilling atmosphere of the world as of enjoying the repose of the cloister. In his new situation he maintained the same manner of living as the Jesuits, he made his morning meditation and his two daily examinations of conscience, he persevered in his old love of labour, and continued to practise those trifling acts of mortification which are unknown except to the truly devout, and are unobserved except by the keenest observer. Often was he noticed in the midday heat of a Roman summer to remain at his study apparently unmindful of the stifling atmosphere he was breathing; in the most parching weather he was never known so much as to rinse out his mouth except during meals; nor was he ever seen to shake from his face a wasp or a fly, and whenever a sting or a bite was the price of this forbearance, he would simply remark, "O Lord, if these little evils cause me such pain, what are the torments of the damned!" It is by such occasional sayings that we gain the most intimate knowledge of character. They are spontaneous and expressed unconsciously; they are therefore the most sure indication of the train of our thoughts and the object of our desires. From the period of his promotion he increased his time for prayer, and was accustomed to spend an entire month each year in making the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius at the Novitiate of St. Andrew, and as one of the fruits of the retreat, he gave to the world at the end of each month's retirement one of those short but touching volumes, *De Septem Verbis*, *De arte bene moriendi*, &c. In one point, however, he confesses he underwent a change, "Whilst I was a religious," he would say, "I never knew what melancholy was, but now that I am a Cardinal I deserve to be pitied in body and soul; in body because I lose all my recreation, and in soul because I find only vanity and affliction of spirit." In other respects his life was so thoroughly regulated in accordance to the rules of the Society, that in contradistinction to the black Pope, we may, as the inhabitants of Rome did, designate him the red Jesuit.

But if he did not cease to be in spirit a religious after his admission into the Sacred College and his episcopal consecration, he was not on that account wanting in his duties either as a Bishop or as a Cardinal. He had been transported to a foreign country where it was necessary to acquire some new habits, and assume a somewhat new line of thought, but the people among whom he was thrown were not so entirely

different in manners as to necessitate a total change of the old man. In many respects indeed the characters of a prelate and a Jesuit are coincident. A prelate has to uphold religion. A Jesuit devotes all his energies of body and soul to the same task. A prelate is the representative of episcopal authority. A Jesuit binds himself by vow to the defence and support of the Holy See. A prelate has the command of others. A Jesuit has to obey another, and a man who has learnt how to obey knows how to command. An officer who has risen from the ranks has acquired a practical knowledge of a soldier's wishes and wants; he will abstain from imposing unnecessary burdens, and by securing for his troops the conveniences they can appreciate will gain their affection whilst he preserves his authority. Bellarmine had been trained in the school of obedience. He was placed in command, and was at once acclimatized. There was neither arrogance in his language, nor ostentation in his conduct, for everything was natural. In the government of his household he was strict yet mild. Strict in instantly dismissing from his service any domestic who was guilty of falsehood, of scandal, or of blasphemy; mild inasmuch as he was not a reformer in little things. He knew there was a difference between a palace and a monastery, and although he drew up certain rules for the regulation of his servants' conduct, particularly for their religious practices, he was not over-exacting of their compliance. He preferred to lead them by his example, whilst at the same time nothing could surpass his kindness to them if they fell sick. He would oblige his own physician to attend them, would himself visit them, and would set aside for their service whatever presents were sent to his table. But such generosity could not be confined within the narrow limits of a single household. In his new position he saw around him a small circle of happiness, and he felt it was in his power to increase that circle of which his own heart was to form the centre. Neither nationality nor distance was a pretext for excluding any one from his bounty. At the very moment when Tyburn was reeking with the blood of Jesuit priests, he cheerfully fed at his table a poor Englishman whom he found begging in the streets of the Eternal City. Several of the chief towns in Italy were benefited by his alms; poor debtors, and those who were reduced in circumstances and were too proud to beg, fell under his especial protection. He despoiled himself to feed the poor, and carried his munificence to an excess which will

certainly seem incredible to the authorities at Scotland Yard. He would never prosecute a thief, and having on one occasion caught a man in the act of pilfering, he demanded back the stolen property, to save the public from the obligation of restitution, but in return gave the offender sufficient money to extricate him from his present distress.

Nor was he less liberal in charities of a higher and more difficult nature. One of the chief duties of a Cardinal is to counsel the Pope in his spiritual government by directing his attention to the wants of the Church, by pointing out abuses, and by suggesting remedies for their removal. There are some men who would be prevented from proffering their advice to a Superior by human respect, fear of disgrace, or by the possibility of their directions being disregarded. But none of these considerations had any weight with Bellarmine. He was unwilling to accept the Cardinal's hat, but having accepted it, he was determined to show his gratitude. If the Pope had made him a Prince of the Church, he would make the Pope a sharer in his prudence and experience, and amongst his other eulogiums, the expressed wish of successive Sovereign Pontiffs to have him always near their persons must not be reckoned the least. During the one and twenty years of his Cardinalship, if we subtract his three years residence at Capua as Archbishop, he was never absent from the Holy Father. Both Leo the Eleventh and Paul the Fifth required his constant attendance at the Vatican, judging that even his presence added authority to the resolutions they formed on the most important affairs. And if Clement the Eighth dispensed with his services for a short time, it was only to concentrate on one point the wisdom, the energy, and the zeal which would otherwise have been felt throughout the length and breadth of Europe. Capua is a city which from the days of Hannibal has enjoyed an unenviable distinction for its luxury, and although it had not a worse reputation than usual at the beginning of the seventeenth century, it was nevertheless bad enough to arouse the indignation of a holy and energetic pastor. There was a wickedness even in the sanctuary to be reformed, and there was ignorance to be instructed ; there were monasteries to be brought back to their original fervour ; there were churches to be made decent for the celebration of Divine service ; there were public abuses to be removed. Bellarmine applied himself vigorously to the task of spiritual building and restoring, and when he resigned

his see he left to his successor a fairer heritage than he had received.

He entered Capua in solemn procession a few days after his consecration, May 1, 1602, and it was at once evident that his heart and soul were in the new work before him. Preaching, as he told the Pope, was one of the most essential requisites of a good bishop, and he made it his practice, as long as he was in Capua, to preach on every Sunday and feast day; he, moreover, made frequent visitations of his diocese, and always took care that two Jesuits should precede him to prepare the people for his coming by giving a mission for a few days. But he was not satisfied with even this amount of preaching and instruction, and that no priest might urge as an excuse for not preaching his inability to do so, he wrote a full explanation of the Apostles' Creed for the use of the non-oratorical part of his clergy. He was strict in his examination of candidates for the priesthood, though it was always a pleasure to him to confer the Sacraments of Confirmation and Holy Orders; more especially was it his joy to the last days of his life to ordain those Jesuits who were destined to carry the name of Christ to the woods of America or the plains of India. He thought that he would thus share in the labours and in the glory of a foreign missionary. A very small part of his revenue was spent on himself, for the poor came in for the lion's share, even his carriage was at their disposal. He also endeavoured to prevent any clashing of civil and ecclesiastical authority, and laid it down as a rule for all bishops to live so virtuously as to give no ground for a lawsuit of any description. He devoted his leisure time to reading the lives of holy bishops, and by the study and imitation of their virtues to make their lives the pattern of his own. However, he was not destined to remain long at Capua, for in less than three years he had to return to Rome to assist at the election of a successor to Clement the Eighth. Before leaving Capua, he said in the pulpit that, although he was no prophet, he felt convinced he should never return as Archbishop; his flock, who looked up to him as a prophet, received his words as a prophecy, and as on his first coming amongst them they welcomed him with bands and banners, with processions and addresses, so on his departure their grief was equally demonstrative. An old biographer thus describes it: "When the Cardinal appeared the people began to weep for the departure of him whom they called their Pastor, their Father, and their Tutor, and to grieve

at their own abandonment and orphanage. Many crowded round him, and began to kiss his garments, and others to touch him with their rosaries, and beg his prayers, and the crowd became so great, that a way had to be forced through them to enable him to proceed without inconvenience. All begged him by their sobs and tears to return, and not to leave them. At the sight of such public grief he could not restrain his tears, and by his weeping testified how dearly he loved his flock, and as soon as he was able to speak he bade them a kind farewell, and said that though he was absent in body he would be with them in spirit, and promised them that his absence should not decrease his love."

We have stated Bellarmine's views about the duties of a Cardinal and a Bishop, and we have endeavoured to show how his conduct was conformable with his views. We have now to accompany him to the first conclave at which he was present for the election of a Pope, and it will not be inappropriate to give the ideal which Bellarmine had of what a good Pope ought to be. In the first place he was of opinion that a Pope should not only not shrink from reform, but if any reform in any matter of civil or ecclesiastical government was necessary, that he should take it to heart, and should not be held back by a too conservative principle of what was good enough for our fathers being good enough for ourselves. It should be the Pope's duty also to see that the discipline introduced by the Council of Trent be enforced. If the "Reformation" was not begun, it was at least abetted by a corrupt and ignorant clergy, and the best mode of resisting its progress was to keep up a supply of good and learned pastors. The Council of Trent laid down rules to attain this end, and as Head of the Church, the Pope should see that those rules were carried into execution. The Pope ought not to have too much affection for his temporal sovereignty. He is primarily a spiritual ruler, and his temporal rule should be subservient to this. Bellarmine does not say that the Pope should resign his temporalities. On the contrary, he distinctly affirms the *Non possumus* of Pius the Ninth, and maintains that he should keep every inch of territory for the good of the Church, and that the proceeds from the Patrimony of St. Peter should be employed for the propagation of the faith. As the Universal Pastor of the Church the Pope must be careful in the selection of bishops, and watchful over their conduct, and he himself must remember that he is in particular

the Bishop of Rome. He must cultivate this part of the Church with his own hands, and endeavour to make it, by the piety of its inhabitants, worthy of being the capital of the Christian world. As in his spiritual capacity he should be a model for bishops, so as a temporal ruler should he be a model for Christian princes. He should reduce taxation, as far as possible, to a minimum, should do away with all superfluities in his own person, and should be careful not to be so blinded by self-love as to be induced to confer dignities or emoluments on friends and relatives unless they are worthy of them. After his death there was found in his hand-writing a vow he made during his retreat in the year 1614, to the effect that if ever he was elected Pope, "which I do not desire, and pray God may not happen, I vow I will never raise any of my relations by blood or affinity either to the Cardinalate, or any secular principedom, or dukedom, or earldom, or any dignity whatever, neither will I make them rich, but will assist them only so far as will enable them to live with respectability."

Cardinal Bellarmine had to assist at the election of three Popes, and it is remarkable that on each occasion, on the first scrutiny of votes, he was found to have the majority. A simple majority, however, does not carry the election. The Cardinals meet every day in the chapel of the palace where the election is being held, to place their votes in an urn, and a scrutiny is made. This is repeated day by day until one of their number has received the votes of two-thirds of his brethren, and he is then considered duly elected. Leo the Eleventh was the successor of Clement the Eighth, but he did not survive his election a month. Again had the Princes of the Church to assemble, and this time Bellarmine ran the greatest risk of exchanging the Cardinal's hat for the tiara. Every device that he could think of was adopted to avert, what he considered would be, a real calamity for himself and for the Church. Baronius was particularly anxious that he should be elected, but Bellarmine told him that if he had only to lift a straw from the earth to become Pope, he would not lift it. Those who voted against him he called his benefactors, and he tried to frighten his supporters out of their resolve by jocosely remarking that he was of a long-lived family both on his mother's and on his father's side, and if he was elected they would lose all chance of gaining the dignity themselves, as he would survive them all. But it was on prayer that he chiefly relied. The

time of Conclave was to him a time of retreat: he remained alone in his room, and far from lessening his time of prayer, he prayed the more; he carefully avoided unnecessary conversation with other Cardinals, and took every precaution not to be influenced in his vote. Cardinal Borghesi was finally elected, to Bellarmine's unconcealed joy, since he hoped that a comparatively young man in robust health would survive himself, and that he had now assisted at his last Conclave. He was not far wrong in his guess, for Paul the Fifth died only a few months previous to Bellarmine.

One of the first acts of the new Pope was to put a final end to a controversy that had agitated the schools of theology in the Church for many years. The Dominicans and the Jesuits held, as is well known, different views on grace. The Dominicans said that the doctrine taught by the Society was a stepping-stone to Pelagianism, and the Jesuits said that the interpretation put on St. Thomas's doctrine by the Dominicans favoured Calvin's system of predestination. This celebrated controversy began in Spain in the year 1581. A Spanish Jesuit, Prudentius de Monte Major, defended a series of propositions at the University of Salamanca, in which he denied any physical predetermination of our actions, and asserted a Divine fore-knowledge of conditionally future events to the exclusion of absolute decrees of the Divine will. A learned divine of the Order of Preachers, Dominic Bannez, occupied at this period a position of authority in the University. He had been a disciple of Melchior Canus, and like his professor was a stout defender of the doctrine which taught the physical predetermination of our actions. As soon as it was known what the Jesuit was going to defend, the Dominican determined, if he could not silence his adversary by argument, to stamp out his doctrine by authority. He condensed the theory of Monte Major into sixteen propositions, which he submitted to the tribunal of the Inquisition; but in the process of condensation a material change was effected in the doctrine of the Jesuit, and though the Inquisition condemned the theses which were submitted to it by Bannez, it was just enough to say that they were not the theses of Monte Major. Whilst the University of Salamanca was in a state of excitement and divided into two separate camps, the controversy extended as far as Belgium, where the Jesuit Fathers Lessius and Hamelius defended the doctrine of their Spanish brother, and found two opponents in Estius and

Baius. The Universities of Louvain and Douay condemned thirty-four Jesuit propositions, but the controversy was suddenly stopped by Sixtus the Fifth, who reserved to himself the final decision of the question, and did not confirm the condemnation of the two Universities. This took place in the year 1588, the very same year in which the Jesuit Father Molina published his famous work, *De Concordia liberi arbitrii cum gratiae donis*. This book appeared in Portugal with the approval of the public censor, Bartholomew Ferreira, a Dominican. Bannez however seems to have had some private information of the work previous to its publication, and, without reading it, laid an accusation of its Pelagian tendency before the Portuguese Inquisition. The result was that the book appeared with a preface by Molina, wherein he answered the objections of Bannez and took good care to print also the encomium of the Inquisition, which testified that the doctrine taught in the work was sound and conformable to the Scriptures, the Councils, and the Fathers.

By this means a march was stolen upon Bannez, who seems from this time forth to have allowed his zeal or his passion to have complete mastery over him. In the Universities and pulpits of Spain, in books and conversations, he overwhelmed the rising Society with calumnies, attacked its rules and its Institute, and did not even spare the individual characters of some of its members. This plan of attack, however, was not altogether successful. Other religious orders began to study the question, and the Augustinians, the Benedictines, the Cistercians, and the Carmelites, together with the Universities of Alcala, Seville, and Valladolid, did not hesitate to espouse the side of Molina. Neither was the Society of Jesus impassive and silent. In the year 1594 the Jesuit, Anthony Padilla, brought matters to a crisis. He publicly defended at Valladolid the very points of Molina's doctrine which were so hotly condemned by the Dominicans. Hereupon a decisive step was taken. The Dominicans selected some propositions of Molina, and sent them to Rome for examination. The Jesuits adopted the same course with regard to some propositions of Bannez. Clement the Eighth immediately imposed silence on both parties, but when he had obtained from each side a full exposition of what they taught, he chose consultors, and the famous Congregations *De Auxiliis* began.

The taunt is frequently thrown in the teeth of Catholics that all religious questions are for them out of the pale of discussion.

This is true only of those matters which the Church has infallibly declared to be of faith. In all other points, nowhere is such freedom of discussion allowed as in the Catholic Church. The question at issue between the Dominicans and the Jesuits was not one of doctrine, and in the world's history it will be impossible to point to any subject which has been argued with more freedom and with more ability than that which placed the sons of St. Dominic in intellectual rivalry with the sons of St. Ignatius. The Dominicans accused the Jesuits of making the distinction between efficacious and inefficacious grace depend entirely on the free will of man. Thus, of two graces intrinsically equal and given under similar circumstances to two equally disposed persons, one will be efficacious and the other will be inefficacious merely because one person wills and the other does not will to accept that which is offered to him. On the other hand the Jesuits accused the Dominicans of implicitly denying the freedom of the human will under the influence of grace. Thus the same grace offered under similar circumstances to equally disposed persons must be either always efficacious or always inefficacious. The supporters of Molina said that his doctrine was the only means of reconciling the action of grace with free will, whereas his opponents said that his system laid too great a stress on the operation of the *arbitrium*. The supporters of Bannez maintained that his doctrine alone saved the dignity of Divine grace, whereas his opponents asserted that his system tended to the total destruction of man's free will in supernatural actions. Such is the briefest possible outline of the two theories which were supported by men of vast erudition and keen intellects, and discussed with the eager energy of athletes whose sole desire was to attain the truth and not to gain the empty honour of an intellectual victory. Each side brought forth its best men to defend its cause, and each side was willing to surrender at the first sound of the voice of Peter.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Physical predetermination is a transient motion proceeding from God alone, and by the priority of its nature preceding the consent of the will, since by an ingrained power it infallibly and efficaciously determines the will, and applies the will to elicit a deliberate act. Consequently, according to the doctrine of Bannez and the Predeterminantes, the predetermination of the consent of the will comes from God alone. According to the school of Molina, it proceeds from God and man, primarily from God, as from a principle elevating the will through grace, secondarily from the freewill of man, as from a principle elevated by grace. According to the Pelagians it comes from the freewill of man alone. The adversaries of Molina distinguish between three-

The first session of the Congregation *De Auxiliis* took place on January 2, 1598, and the last was concluded on August 28, 1607. Between these two periods various success attended either party. The first jury, if we may use the word, was composed exclusively of the partisans of Bannez, who had taken the precaution to send to Rome Diego Alvarez, his right-hand man throughout the whole period of the controversy in Spain. Nine consultors were appointed, of whom the two Cardinals Alexandrini and Asculani were Dominicans. Alvarez' great desire was to hurry on the verdict of the consultors, for which

fold grace, *gratia sufficiens, efficax seu prædeterminans, et cooperans*. Sufficient grace, according to them, is the grace which confers on man the power (*facultatem*) of doing a virtuous action, but in order to perform the virtuous action, or that a man may properly use the power conferred on him by the sufficient grace, a second and stronger grace is required, viz., predeterminate. According to the Jesuit doctrine, sufficient grace is the help or assistance which gives full and perfect power to act, and consequently for each salutary act two graces are required, *præveniens et adjuvans seu cooperans*. In addition to these two, the followers of Bannez require the predetermining assistance.

Rohrbacher analyzes the system of Molina thus:—(1) God, by the knowledge called *simplex intelligentia*, sees all possibilities, and consequently innumerable orders of possibilities. (2) God, by the knowledge called *scientia media*, sees infallibly what any created will, in any one of these orders, will do in the exercise of its liberty, if He gives to it this or that grace. (3) God with a sincere antecedent wish desires the salvation of all men, subject to the condition that they shall wish to save themselves, that is, subject to the condition of their future correspondence with the graces which He will give them. (4) God gives to every man all necessary and sufficient help to work out his salvation, though He gives more to one than to another according to His good pleasure. (5) The grace bestowed upon the angels and upon man in the state of innocence was not *per se* and intrinsically efficacious, but capable of becoming efficacious or ineffectual; in some angels it became efficacious *de facto* from the good use which they made of it; in man it was ineffectual because he did not correspond with it. (6) It is the same in the state of fallen nature, there are no *absolute* decrees on the part of God essentially efficacious and antecedent to the foreknowledge of the consent to be freely given by the human will, consequently there is no predestination to eternal glory independent of the foreknowledge of man's merits; no reprobation that does not presuppose the foreknowledge of the sins which he will commit. (7) The desire which God has to save all men howsoever contaminated by original sin is a true, sincere, and active desire. It was this desire which moved Jesus Christ to become the Saviour of mankind; it is by reason of this desire, and in consequence of the merits of Christ, that God gives to all more or fewer graces, but to each one always sufficient grace to work out his salvation. (8) God, by the *scientia media*, sees with entire certainty that which any man placed in such and such circumstances and assisted by such and such graces will do, and consequently who those are who will use His graces well or ill. When He desires absolutely and efficaciously the conversion of a soul, or its perseverance in good, He decrees to give it those graces which He foresees it will consent to receive, and with which it will persevere. (9) By the *scientia visionis*, which presupposes this decree, He sees who those are who will be good, and persevere to the end; who those are who will sin, and not persevere. In consequence of this prevision of what their future conduct will be, He predestines the former to eternal glory, and reprobates the latter.

end he was willing to overlook the minutiae of Molina's teaching and was satisfied with asserting that the Jesuit despised the authority of St. Augustine and St. Thomas. He gained his point, for on the 13th of March of the same year the consultors gave their opinion in writing that Molina's work should be condemned.

It so happened that at the time this judgment was passed some Jesuits, who had entered fully into the controversy in Spain, arrived in Rome from that country. On hearing that the Congregation, which had been appointed by His Holiness, had settled in the short space of two months a question which had agitated the whole Peninsula for almost ten times that number of years, they naturally appealed against the sentence, and represented to the Pope that the matter could not have been decided on its merits alone. They asked for a second trial, which the Pope granted. In order however to prevent any repetition of the haste which had characterized the preceding Congregation, the Holy Father took the novel expedient of ordering each party to choose their respective champions, and fight the battle out before three judges of his own selection. He appointed Cardinal Madruti<sup>s</sup> to be president: the other two were Cardinal Bernerius, a Dominican, and Cardinal Bellarmine. The Dominican champions were Diego Alvarez and Michael a Ripa. The Jesuit knights were Michael Vasquez and Peter Arrubal. Before the case had been fully argued, the president, Madruti<sup>s</sup>, died, and another commission had to be appointed. After the combatants had met in the lists more than seventy times, the consultors, on November 29, 1601, subscribed to the condemnation of Molina which had been pronounced by the first Congregation three years previously, and on the 5th of December they begged His Holiness to approve of their decision. Clement the Eighth was unwilling to do so, but expressed a strong desire to hear the whole question argued in his own presence. Between March 28, 1602, and January 22, 1605, as many as sixty-eight disputations were held in the presence of the Pope, several Cardinals and Bishops, and nine distinguished theologians, viz., two doctors of the Sorbonne, two Augustinians, two Franciscans, a Benedictine, a Carmelite, and the General of the Capuchins. The two who were to do battle for the cause of Bannez were Diego Alvarez and Thomas de Lemos, who were assisted by Jerome Xavieres, the General of their Order. Gregory of Valentia and Arrubal

fought for the doctrine of Molina under the eyes of their General, Claudio Aquaviva. The death of Clement the Eighth put a stop to the battle for a short period, but under Paul the Fifth it was renewed with fresh energy, and finally concluded. The Pope ordered each of the judges to give his sealed vote to himself personally, and in the month of July, 1607, they were opened before all the Cardinals who had been present at the discussions. On the 28th of August the Holy Father and the Cardinals met to draw up their final judgment; but what that judgment was the world will never know, for they kept it an inviolable secret amongst themselves. However, in a Rescript sent to the Generals of the two Orders, the Pope allowed each party to defend and teach its own doctrine, but forbade both the one and the other either to censure or condemn the opposite view, or to publish any book on the question without the authority of the Holy See. "Each side must take serious care," said the Pontiff, "not to dare to qualify or censure the other side, and both Dominicans and Jesuits are expressly commanded severely to admonish any one who shall fail in this, and each are ordered holily to observe this precept." And this is how the question remains to this day, in spite of a forged Bull of Paul the Fifth which the Jansenists published condemnatory of Molina's doctrine. As soon as the Jansenists made this attempt to falsify history, Innocent the Tenth issued a decree to say that no credit whatever must be given to any pseudo-authoritative declarations on the matter, because the Rescript of Paul the Fifth must be observed in its entirety. During the three most interesting years of this controversy, Bellarmine was absent at Capua, but he never wavered in his belief in the truth of Molina's teaching, and when on his death-bed he made his profession of faith, and affirmed that he would not recall one word of what he had written, he added also that he had not changed his opinion *De Auxiliis Gratiae*.

His prophecy that he should never return to Capua as Archbishop was true. In order that he might be always at the Papal Court, Paul the Fifth begged him to resign his see, and Bellarmine most willingly complied with the wish. His Holiness ordered a certain part of the revenues of the Church of Capua to be set aside for his use, and allowed him to appoint his successor. From this time forward to his death he was the honoured counsellor of the Head of the Church. He had won this position by sheer industry, his own hard work and the

power of his intellect, and as in early manhood he was distinguished for his immense labours, so the last years of his life were not to be years of repose. His indefatigable energy gave him no respite, for he was ever ready to wield the pen, to exercise his authority, or devote his person to the defence of the Church in whose service his chivalrous life had been passed, and the distant mission of Madura now demanded his attention.

W. DUBBERLEY.

### *The Christian Emperors and Pagan Art.*

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THE early Fathers were fond of quoting the regulations of the Mosaic law as to the treatment of beautiful captives, and of applying them as representing, in a figure, the manner in which the precious achievements of heathen art and philosophy were to be dealt with by the Church. The beautiful women whom the fortune of war might place under the power of the Israelites were to be allowed to mourn their loss of father and mother for a month. Then their hair was to be shaved and their nails pared, and after that they might be made the wives of their captors. There was to be an interval between their old life and their new condition, and the superfluities of personal adornment, and what might seem natural weapons of assault and mischief, were to be pared away. Such was to be the policy pursued towards the beautiful things which were to be found in heathenism, when it was conquered by the Church. It might have been so ordered, even on no other grounds than those of expediency. But it was probably the truth that the Church never looked upon heathenism, in the concrete, as on a practical system which had nothing in it kindred to herself and her own inheritance of truth and power. It is probable that from the very beginning it was understood that there was no such thing in the government of God as the permission of a system of unmixed evil, the absolute creation of the evil powers who had waged war against God in the world which He had made. It was understood that the foulest superstitions had their strength in the traditions and natural instincts which they had corrupted—that the devils would never have been worshipped, if man had not been created with the instinct of worship, that the most sensual of philosophies would never have taken hold on man, if he had not an instinctive longing for the truth, that literature and art would never have been able to prostitute themselves in the temples of falsehood and immorality, if such things had not been designed in the Providence of God as helps to man on

his road to Heaven, intended to be his servants and instruments in his own service to his Maker and Master.

These things belonged to humanity, not to the errors which had enslaved it. They required to be purified and deprived of whatever in them was dangerous and mischievous, and then they were to be used in their rightful place and for their legitimate end. Mankind had been in the right in searching out the truth, and in worshipping what was higher than itself. It had used the resources of creation for the purposes of religion, but it had been led astray as to the object of its homage, and as to the conclusions to which its search for truth had led it. It is clear that this principle might be used on a thousand occasions, and that it might lead to a very large measure of tolerance, not of error itself, but of the instruments and, so to speak, the furniture of error. When the truth came to conquer the world, it came back to its own legitimate throne. It entered on a kingdom from which it had been banished by fraud. It had a right to the palace in which the usurper had lived and ruled. It had not to destroy, it had only to cleanse—to banish excrescences and corruptions. When the followers of Mahomet conquered the Christian provinces of the Byzantine Empire, they acted according to the instinct of their creed in destroying the fair creations of art and the monuments of literature. Their creed was in direct antagonism to all the noblest achievements of humanity. The Christian creed, on the other hand, was bound to spare all that was not absolutely in contradiction to the natural religion of which it was itself the completion and on which it was built. Such is the true account to be given of the difference between the two.

It is a curious instance of the inveterate power of prejudice in the interpretation of ancient documents and the representation of historical facts, that we should have to point out how both Gibbon and Milman assume an entirely false proposition in their reflections on the manner in which Christianity, in the hour of its triumph, dealt with the thousand divinities of the Roman Empire. Neither of these writers can be relied on in his statements, when they affect, in the one case, the Christian religion, in the other, the Catholic Church. Yet neither Milman nor Gibbon was a careless writer, and the amount of study and industry which they devoted to the composition of their works places them far above the modern school of so-called historians. Their books teem with misstatements and false inferences—but

they are not guilty of the ignorant jaunty assertions which now pass muster, on the strength of the picturesque style and sensational language in which they are conveyed to the public. They do not put one thing instead of another with the deliberate purpose of falsification. We could name at least one popular and successful writer of English history, one chapter of whose work contains more dishonesty than a whole volume of Gibbon or Milman. Their errors are the errors of prejudice, not of wantonness and insolence. But, with regard to the question of the treatment of the heathen temples by the Christian Emperors, both Gibbon and Milman alike, first assume it to have been something that it was not, and then lament that it was not something that it was. They assume, that is, that the temples were destroyed, and they lament that they were not left standing, to serve as ornaments to the cities and as trophies—so says Gibbon—of the victories of Christianity. He observes also that a great number of the temples were the masterpieces of Greek architecture, and that on this account they might have been preserved. Milman repeats the complaint of his master. He says that posterity would have been grateful for the preservation of so many astonishing and beautiful types of ancient art, and that so magnanimous an act would have extorted admiration. He adds a lamentation that such an act could not have been understood by that age or its religion. This last is a singularly unfortunate observation; for the conduct which he tells us would have been so unintelligible to the men of that age was exactly the conduct which was pursued by those very men.<sup>1</sup>

A French writer, to whom we already owe a very interesting book on the manner in which the Church dealt with the question of slavery in the early ages, and who has performed for the great work of De Rossi, on the Roman Catacombs, the same kind of service in France which has been rendered to it among ourselves by Canons Northcote and Brownlow, has lately published a short volume on the subject of which we have been speaking.<sup>2</sup> We shall freely avail ourselves of the labours of M. Allard in the short paper which we are about to lay before our readers, to whom it will no doubt not be a familiar truth that the Christian Emperors acted with so much singular forbearance and wisdom

<sup>1</sup> Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, c. xxviii; Milman, *History of Christianity*, bk. iii. c. 7.

<sup>2</sup> Paul Allard, *L'Art Pagan sous les Empereurs Chrétiens*. Paris: Didier, 1879.

in their measures with regard to the remains of Paganism. It should be said, however, that to speak generally of the remains of Paganism would be to stretch M. Allard's subject beyond its true extent. He does not profess to treat of the whole subject of the gradual extinction of Paganism, but only of the manner in which its temples and works of art were dealt with by the Christian authorities. This subject is large enough to occupy him in the short book of which we have to give a short summary; and it gives an opportunity of studying the general principles on which men like Constantine, Gratian, and Theodosius acted, which is quite enough to satisfy us as to the mind of the Church of which they were, in this respect, the ministers and instruments.

M. Allard begins his work by explaining the apparent testimony of the Christian Catacombs themselves to the habit of spoliation, if not of the temples, at least of the monumental and sepulchral remains of Paganism, on the part of the Christians. It is a well-known fact that a considerable number of the stone slabs with which the tombs in the Catacombs are closed, and which bear, on the side which faces the visitor, the names of the Christians whose bones lie within, are taken from Pagan monuments, and often bear Pagan inscriptions on the other face, which is unseen. This fact seems at first sight to imply the wanton violation of Pagan monuments on the part of the Christian *fossores*. But it is easily and most naturally explained as the result of something much more innocent. The whole of the neighbourhood of Rome, especially the lines of the great roads, issuing from the city to every part of the Empire, was covered with monumental remains, which in course of time fell out of repair. The Campagna was, so to speak, a vast graveyard, the stones of which, in the lapse of time, fell loose from the monuments of which they formed part, and, unless the tombs were kept in repair, it became inevitable that there should be a constant accumulation of materials, fit for the use of the *fossores* of succeeding generations. The fragments of which use was thus made were without master or destination. There are laws extant in which the Emperors forbid the appropriation of the materials of sepulchres for purposes of building, but it is probable that no one saw any harm in the use of the fragments of a ruined monument for the purpose of another tomb. In the Catacombs themselves some of these stones have been found with a second Pagan inscription on them. The

The Christian *fossor* has been preceded in his use of them by another of his own trade, who was as Pagan as the original workman who first used the slab.

There can be no doubt that the policy of Constantine himself was one of perfect toleration. He wished—as he himself says in the edict which is preserved by Eusebius<sup>3</sup>—that the ceremonies and religion of Paganism should cease, but he wished also that no force should be used, and that the Pagans in the empire, over which he desired to reign in peace, should follow their own religion freely. At the same time, it seems quite possible to misunderstand the action of the first Christian Emperor, and as a matter of fact, it seems to have been misunderstood by many historians. Even Eusebius speaks of temples overthrown and of statues despoiled. The same language is echoed by the other ecclesiastical historians of later date. The truth seems to be, as M. Allard thinks, that although Constantine did not generally close the temples, or forbid the Pagan worship in them, he exercised in certain particular cases the right which Tiberius, for instance, had exercised in Rome itself, when he razed the Temple of Isis to the ground and ordered the statue of the goddess to be thrown into the Tiber, on account of the frauds and immoralities which were sheltered under her worship. It must be remembered that the idolatrous worship was not a simple intellectual delusion. It was in a thousand instances, probably in the great majority of instances, the cloak for corruption, debauchery, and avarice. The particular cases in which Constantine is known to have ordered the demolition of temples are cases of this kind—the Temple of Æsculapius at Ægæa, the Temple of Venus at Heliopolis in Phenicia and at Aphacus on one of the points of the Lebanon chain. He acted as the guardian of public interests, of morality and the like, and not as a Christian Emperor proscribing the worship of Paganism as such. The measures which he took in direct antagonism to Paganism seem to have been two only. He forbade the practice of divination and magic in private, and he put an end to the sacrifices in the name of the Emperor which were solemnly offered in the camps. It is easy to see how these measures were represented by the rhetorical historians of whom Eusebius was the prototype as the proscription of idolatrous worship altogether. It seems that the prohibition of

<sup>3</sup> Eusebius, *Vita Constantini*, ii. 47—60.

the private practice of divination and magic is found in the Laws of the Twelve Tables, and had been renewed by Tiberius and Diocletian before Constantine. That is, for the most obvious reasons of morality and public interest, the very potent class of the aruspices and their fellows were obliged to exercise their functions in the light of day and in the public temples. In fact, Paganism, as far as its worship was concerned, had become little more than the constant exercise of superstitious divination, and it was a matter of policy that there should be some check on its ministers. It is very likely, of course, that Constantine, when he enacted these laws, had a definite purpose, hostile to Paganism, in his own mind. But he did nothing more than a Pagan Emperor might have done from a simple regard to the interests of his people.

In truth, Gibbon himself gives this account of Constantine's action. After speaking of the edict which we have already referred to, he says—"He invites and exhorts, in the most pressing terms, the subjects of the Roman Empire to imitate the example of their master; but he declares that those who still refuse to open their eyes to the celestial light, may freely enjoy their temples and their fancied gods. A report that the ceremonies of Paganism were suppressed is formally contradicted by the Emperor himself, who wisely assigns, as the principle of his moderation, the invincible force of habit, prejudice, and superstition. Without violating the sanctity of his promise, without alarming the fears of the Pagans, the artful monarch advanced, by slow and cautious steps, to undermine the irregular and decayed fabric of Polytheism. The partial acts of severity which he occasionally exercised, though they were secretly prompted by a Christian zeal, were coloured by the fairest pretences to justice and the public good; and while Constantine designed to ruin the foundations, he seemed to reform the abuses, of the ancient religion. After the example of the wisest of his predecessors, he condemned, under the most rigorous penalties, the occult and impious art of divination, which excited the vain hopes, and sometimes the criminal attempts, of those who were discontented with their present condition. An ignominious silence was imposed on the oracles which had been publicly convicted of fraud and falsehood; the effeminate priests of the Nile were abolished; and Constantine discharged the duties of a Roman censor, when he gave orders for the demolition of several temples of Phenicia, in which every mode

of prostitution was devoutly practised in the face of day and to the honour of Venus.”<sup>4</sup>

It appears that the sons of Constantine went further in the struggle against Paganism than their father. But it also appears that the laws which they published were not enforced. Constantius issued three edicts against the practice of divination, by which the public as well as the private exercise of the functions of the aruspices and the diviners of all sorts was forbidden. The same Emperor also, the persecutor of the followers of the Creed of Nicæa, twice, and as it seems, in conjunction with his brother Constans, forbade the sacrifices altogether. In the Rescript to the Prefect of Rome, issued in 346, in which the idolatrous worship is forbidden, we find the first express mention of the principle for the neglect of which the Christian Emperors have been blamed by the two modern historians whom we have named. Superstition is to disappear, says the Rescript, but the temples outside the city are to be preserved untouched and undefiled, on account of their connection with the games and shows which are the delight of the people of Rome. It is remarkable, as M. Allard observes, that this severity should first appear in the Arian persecutor of the Church, and he is reminded of Louis the Fourteenth revoking the Edict of Nantes at the time of his most violent quarrels with the Holy See. But it seems certain that the laws of Constantius were not enforced. And, in any case, it was one thing to proscribe idolatry, and quite another to demolish or despoil the temples. As to this again we have the testimony of Gibbon himself. Speaking of the edict of Constantius he says—“There is the strongest reason to believe that this formidable edict was either composed without being published, or was published without being executed. The evidence of facts, and the monuments which are still extant of brass and marble, continue to prove the public exercise of the Pagan worship during the whole reign of the sons of Constantine. In the east as well as in the west, in cities as well as in the country, a great number of temples were respected, or at least were spared; and the devout multitude still enjoyed the luxury of sacrifices, of festivals, and of processions, by the permission or the connivance of the civil government. About four years after the supposed

<sup>4</sup> Ch. xxii, *ad fin.* Gibbon adds in a note—“These acts of authority may be compared with the suppression of the Bacchanals, and the demolition of the temple of Isis, by the magistrates of Pagan Rome.”

date of his bloody edict, Constantius visited the temples of Rome; and the decency of his behaviour is recommended by a Pagan orator as an example worthy of the imitation of succeeding princes. 'That Emperor,' says Symmachus, 'suffered the privileges of the vestal virgins to remain inviolate; he bestowed the sacerdotal dignities on the nobles of Rome; granted the customary allowance to defray the expenses of the public rites and sacrifices; and, though he had embraced a different religion, he never attempted to deprive the Empire of the sacred worship of antiquity.'<sup>5</sup>

That the temples were not demolished or despoiled, we find sufficiently proved by the evidence of what took place when, for a time, a Pagan was once more on the throne of the Cæsars in the person of Julian the Apostate. Julian, in his ephemeral attempt to galvanize the extinct Paganism into something like life, had nothing more to do, as far as the temples were concerned, than to open them and brush away the dust of forty years, and send in his troops of priests and victims. It is true that we find mention, under his reign, of the persecution and martyrdom of Christiaps, under the pretext of punishment for acts of violence against the temples in the previous reigns, as at Heliopolis and at Arethusa, but it seems probable that these acts of supposed violence were justified by the circumstances of the particular places, on account of the infamous character of the rites there celebrated, and, at the most, these reprisals only prove that at certain spots there had been less tolerance for the Pagan worship and temples than was usually accorded to them. In other cases, as at Alexandria, where the Prefect Artemius and the intruded bishop George were put to death for excesses committed in the preceding reign, it is well known that they were themselves heretics who had used their power with impartial violence against both Catholics and Pagans. But in fact the very statement that certain persons in certain places had to suffer, under Julian, for their zeal against the Pagan temples and altars, involves the truth that such conduct was that of the few and not of the many.

The short reign of Jovian followed that of Julian, and Jovian at once renewed the edicts of Constantine about the perfect liberty of religion. This was to reassure the Pagans. In 364 and 365, Valentinian restored the laws against magic and nocturnal and private divination. But in 371, this Emperor

<sup>5</sup> Symmachus, *Ep.* x. 54.

went so far back from the policy of Constantius, as to declare that he allowed the public exercise of divination, which was the most interesting part of the sacrificial system to the minds of the people. Paganism was thus, under Valentinian, in a better condition than before Julian. St. Augustine, as M. Allard remarks, was born in 354, and his youth coincides with the reign of Valentinian. He tells us, in the *De Civitate Dei*,<sup>6</sup> how he went when a lad out of curiosity to see what passed in the temples. He describes the processions, the sacred bath given to the "mother of the gods," the impure fêtes before the temple of Celestis, the protectress of Carthage, and the like. It is clear that Paganism had full liberty of worship. The only measure of Valentinian against the temples consisted in a law by which the property of any which had been sold or given away under preceding Emperors was allotted to the private revenues of the Prince himself. We are now come to the first real attack on the system of Paganism in its concrete form, which emanated from the Emperor Gratian.

In the language of modern times, Gratian "disestablished" Paganism. To a false religion which has lost any hold on the faith of the people which it may ever have possessed, the one blow which it cannot survive is the loss of its official position, and, far more, of its emoluments. It can live on after a fashion, as long as it can attract to its service the large class of men who live upon its revenues. It cannot bear to be thrown upon its own resources. It may astonish us to find that the Christian Emperors before Gratian allowed themselves to accept the post of *Pontifex Maximus*, and to use the authority which it conferred. Gratian refused it, saying that such a post did not become a Christian. He made it clearly plain that Paganism was no longer what we should call the "religion of the State." At the same time he allowed perfect liberty of conscience, proscribing only certain heretical sects. The Altar of Victory was finally removed from the *Curia* in which the Roman Senate met to deliberate. But the Pagans would not have had much to complain of if this had been all. Gratian went on, as has been said, to "disestablish" the Pagan religion far more effectually than Mr. Gladstone the Irish Church. The territorial possessions of the temples and their revenues were immense. The State had given much, and the piety of private persons had greatly augmented the donations of the State. The Colleges of priests

<sup>6</sup> Lib. ii. c. 4.

received large incomes from these endowments, as well as yearly allowances from the public treasury. They also enjoyed exemption from a considerable number of the heavy taxes which were exacted remorselessly from the community at large. Thus a very large number of persons and families were directly interested, as is the case with all "Establishments," in the maintenance of the old system.

The earlier Christian Emperors had left this state of things alone. They had even, as it seems, augmented the exemptions and privileges of certain bodies, such as the flamines and aruspices.<sup>1</sup> But the time was come when the hand of the State was to be laid on all this great property. The majority of the subjects of the Empire were no longer Pagans. It was no longer decent that the priests of the false religion should be the richest corporation in the world. The lands whose revenues supported the sacrifices and the Colleges of priests were confiscated. The domains of the sanctuaries were united to the royal treasury. The privileges and immunities of the priests and vestals were suppressed. It was declared illegal to leave property to the temples, and the legacies became the spoil of the Emperor. But, at the same time, the Pagan religion and its adherents were not persecuted. There was no compulsory closing of the temples. The sacrifices were not forbidden. There was no spoliation of shrines—rich as the temples were, they were left untouched. The priests and aruspices and vestals might receive personal legacies. The public revenue still continued to supply an annual sum for the service of the temples—at least that was the case at Rome until the time of Theodosius. If there had been any real life in Paganism, it would have survived the blow, and its adherents might have been stimulated to costly exertions to maintain it in its ancient magnificence. At the same time, the blow was a very severe one. In truth, it was a blow from which Paganism never recovered. It was felt, probably, with greatest force in the case of the smaller benefices—as we should say, the country and village livings of the priests. The incumbents of these benefices were poor as it was, and with the loss of their small endowments, they had probably little to do but to decamp and leave their sanctuaries to fall to ruin.

But, on the other hand, the incidental effect of the disestablishment of Paganism was far more strikingly visible in higher quarters. The aristocracy in Rome was largely supported by

benefices possessed by its members in the immense hierarchy which had grown up in the course of ages in the Imperial city. The inscriptions of the time of Constantine, Constantius, Valentinian, and even of Gratian himself, tell us of the statues and temples to the gods of the Empire dedicated by the members of the noblest Roman families, and of the prefects, consuls, and governors of provinces, who were invested with the dignities of augurs or priests. It seems even as if the reason why Baptism was in so many cases deferred until the approach of death, was often that the members of the aristocracy might continue to enjoy the many sacerdotal prebends, as we should say, which had become almost hereditary in their families. It was a real temptation to many a weak soul. All this was swept away by the act of Gratian. The sacerdotal career was no longer an attractive one on account of the revenues which it offered and the public burthens from which it exempted. It is a lesson not to be lost on those who think the question of disestablishment of Paganism in India and of schism in England so very simple a question. Such persons are very often liable to forget the danger to souls which is involved in the rich endowment of error where it exists side by side with truth. A great many different elements may have to enter into the considerations by which such a question is determined, and at the present moment we have little practical concern with them. But it is foolish to shut our eyes to the truth that an immense number of souls are always kept in bondage by the temporal preponderance and wealth of an Establishment, and that, although the true Church can live without it, it is a very powerful support to a Church which is not the true one. Those who have daily experience of the great sufferings which conversion entails on the ministers of an Establishment and on their families, can readily understand that the influences which it costs so much, in some cases, to overcome, are in many others too strong to be overcome at all.

The disestablishment of Paganism by Gratian was the turning-point in its fortunes in the Roman Empire. But it had no effects, such as Gibbon and Milman imagine, as to the destruction of the temples. This was not even the result of the far more stringent measures of Theodosius, whom Gratian raised to the purple before his own short reign was terminated by assassination. Theodosius did really proscribe Paganism. His laws of 381 and 385 were immediately and directly concerned with the divinations which, as has been said, were the

most interesting and important part of the sacrifices to the people. These divinations were absolutely forbidden, but the prohibition practically struck at the sacrifices themselves. In 384, Cynegius, the Prefect of the Pretorium, was sent through the Eastern provinces, as Zosimus tells us, in order to carry out the measure of the closing of the temples. This seems to be an exaggeration—the closing of the temples was not a general measure even then, but one which applied only to those temples in which the laws against divination had been violated. But the mission of Cynegius produced results which went beyond the direct purpose of Theodosius. The people took the matter into their own hands in many places, and demolished the temples which the representative of the Emperor closed. In the time of Julian many Christian churches had been thrown down by the Pagans and the Jews, and their ruin was now avenged in kind. It was some time later, in 389, that the famous Serapeion at Alexandria was destroyed. This was an act of authority provoked by the excesses of the Pagans themselves. The Bishop of Alexandria, Theophilus, had obtained leave from the Emperor to convert an abandoned temple of Bacchus, of which little remained but the solid walls, into a Christian church. In the course of the necessary excavations, the workmen came upon some subterranean vaults, in which they discovered a number of the disgusting and obscene figures which were used in the mysteries in honour of Bacchus. These they carried in derisive procession through the city, greatly to the indignation of the heathen. They rose and massacred a large number of Christians, and then entrenched themselves in the Serapeion, which covered the greater part of a considerable hill. It was a regular revolt, with an appointed leader, whose life, however, was spared. The Emperor ordered the demolition of all the temples in Alexandria, lest they should be used for the same purposes of rebellion to which the Serapeion had been put. These decrees were executed fully, not only in Alexandria itself, but throughout the whole of Egypt. Two years later, in 391, Theodosius formally proscribed all public exercise of Pagan worship throughout the Empire. One measure alone remained, and a still more sweeping one—the proscription of the private exercise also. This was accomplished by a law of 392.

Long after the Roman world had lost all faith in the divinities of Olympus, the worship of the Genii, the Lares, and

the Penates, retained its hold upon the superstitions of the people. And, as to this, there was little difference between the people and the more educated and sceptical classes. To the family deities a whole multitude of foreign gods had been added. Every act of family life, every place of the house, from the nursery to the kitchen, had its tutelary deity, invented to satisfy the natural instinct of prayer and the feeling of the need of supernatural protection which requires but an enlightened faith to make it true devotion. This was the domestic religion which had entwined itself around the best feelings of the religious-minded Pagans—a religion not wrong in itself, but in the objects of its ignorant worship. The grave Roman, says M. Allard, half converted to the Christian faith, hesitated at the thought of breaking or casting away the *Lar* who had guarded his ancestors for so many generations. The young wife, about to become a mother, could not resist the instinct which prompted her to protect herself and her child from the dangers of her accouchement, and she would sacrifice in secret to Intercidona, Pilumnus, and Deverra, who were to shield her from the violences of Sylvanus. She would ask Rumina to make her milk enter gently into the lips of her child, Educa and Potina to help it in taking its first nourishment, Cunina to watch over its cradle, Cuba to keep it quiet, Statina to teach it to stand, Ossipaga to strengthen its bones, Fabulinus to loosen its tongue in speech, Abeona and Adeona, Interduca and Domiduca, to protect its first goings out and comings in, and to escort the nurse who carried it about. All this cluster of superstitious observances was cut at by the edict which forbade the private practice of idolatrous worship. No doubt, such an edict would have been altogether ineffectual without more—without the teaching of the Church, placing the whole of home life under the protection of an enlightened faith—but still, as long as such an edict was wanting, it could not be said that the imperial power had shot its last shaft against the idols.

The edict for the interdiction of the heathen worship in the temples was equivalent to an order for closing the greater number of them, but it did not involve their destruction, it did not involve even their closing in those cases, which were not few, in which the temple was in truth a place of meeting, of promenade, of business, of amusement, rather than of worship. As the faith in the heathen divinities died away, the temples which

were raised became more and more places of public resort, the statues, works of art and nothing more. As such they could safely be retained. Thus we find Theodosius himself authorizing the re-opening of the principal temple of Edessa at the petition of the Prefect of Osroena. The temple was a building of great magnificence, full of objects of art, and was one of the most frequented promenades of the town. The Emperor especially allowed the opening of the buildings on grounds of public convenience, and said that the statues were to be considered as so many pieces of art. He here proclaimed a principle which was extensively acted on after his time.

Before his death Theodosius had to deal with an actual and determined attempt at the revival of Paganism as the official religion. On the assassination of Valentinian the Second by Arbogastes, the imperial dignity was conferred by the rebel general on the rhetorician Eugenius, and though the usurping Emperor was himself a Christian, he was a mere tool in the hands of others, who belonged to the Pagan party. Rome was in the power of the new claimant of the inheritance of the Cæsars. The city became a vast temple, and for many months the blood of victims again flowed, and processions in honour of the old gods swept through the streets. Nicomachus Flavianus, the Prefect of the city, was a Pagan versed in all the secrets of the divining art, and, under his directions, the city was purified from the profanations to which it had lately been accustomed. There was first a *Lustratio*, which lasted three months; then an *Amburbiuum*, then a *Justitium*—a ceremony used, in old times, only on occasion of the greatest public dangers. The rites of Isis were celebrated with pomp. In the Megalensia which followed the chariot of Cybele was drawn by lions and followed by a part of the Roman nobility. Flavianus initiated himself in the rites of Mithra, he even underwent the sacrilegious purification of the *Taurobolium*, a profane parody on Baptism, in which the initiated placed himself in a pit covered with perforated planks, so as to let the blood of an ox slaughtered above penetrate to the suppliant below. This was supposed to confer a new life and to secure purity for twenty years. The licentious games in honour of Flora were revived in all their turpitude, and at the same time the temporary master of Rome invited Christians to be his guests, and had loaves of bread set before them which had been placed upon the altars of the idols. The triumph of Paganism could not be complete without an

attempt to produce apostacies as well as to consecrate prostitution. The victory of Theodosius put an end to all this foul and cruel masquerading. The revolt in favour of Paganism brought with it its own chastisement. Theodosius spared the families of his chief opponents, but up to that time the edicts against the celebration of the idolatrous worship had not been enforced in the great city. It was now finally decreed that this worship could be tolerated no longer. The temples were closed. Honorius, who soon succeeded his father, enacted that the sacrifices should cease, but "the ornaments of the city were to be respected." This was but the solemn proclamation of the principle as to the works of Pagan art, which had in practice guided the policy of the Christian Emperors since the time of Constantine himself.

There can be no doubt that the Rome of the fourth century differed very little indeed from the Rome of the third century as to its outward aspect. The difference was in the great development of magnificence in the external monuments of Christian piety and devotion. The basilicas and churches had risen by the side of the heathen temples. But these last remained. They were closed—we speak now of the very end of the fourth century, after the measures of Theodosius and Honorius—but they were protected from spoliation. It can hardly be considered spoliation, that many of the statues of the gods which had been contained in them were taken out and placed in the baths or porticos, or used for the adornment of the streets and the forum. Rome is described by the writers of that time as a perfect museum of the remains of Pagan art. The number of temples, large and small, was immense. Prudentius is an unexceptionable witness as to the Christian spirit of that date. In his poem against Symmachus he puts into the mouth of Theodosius words which exactly agree with the principle with which we are speaking. The Emperor bids the senators wash off the dirt which had gathered on the old statues. They were then to be left standing—"the works of great masters, the fairest ornaments of our country." In his poem on the martyrdom of St. Laurence, Prudentius makes the dying martyr prophesy of the reign of Theodosius—

Video futurum principem  
Quandoque qui, servus Dei,  
Tetris sacrorum sordibus  
Servire Romam non sinit.

Qui templa claudit vectibus,  
Valvas eburnas obstruit,  
Nefasta damnat limina  
Obdems aenos pessulos.

Tunc pura ab omni sanguine  
Tandem nitebunt marmora,  
Stabunt et æra innoxia,  
Quæ nunc habentur idola.

It seems even certain that, with the exception of a few isolated cases, the rich adornments of the statues, often exceedingly precious, were allowed to remain untouched. But in 408 Alaric was at the gates of Rome, and the offerings of the temples were taken to pay the ransom of the city. Two years later the Goths returned, and this time Rome was pillaged, many of her public buildings destroyed, and her artistic riches made a prey. This is the true epoch from which the destruction of the ancient glories of Rome is to be dated, and the temples and statues of the heathen gods shared the common fate. It is from this time also, as it appears, that we are to date the beginning of the practice of transforming what had once been temples into churches. In the course of the fifth century this practice became common all over the empire, and it is certain that it preserved from absolute ruin many of the most famous temples, among them the Parthenon and Erechtheum at Athens. Even when this was done, the Bishops and Popes left the greater part even of the ancient decorations untouched, and contented themselves with adding mosaics or frescoes, representing Christian mysteries or objects of worship. It was only in particular cases, such as that of the temple of Isis at Phile, or of the famous temple of the Phenician god Marnas at Gaza, that it seemed necessary either to destroy the temple altogether, or to hide the old paintings or sculptures from the eyes of worshippers, to whom they might be a scandal or a temptation. In the same way, it was found impossible at Carthage to allow the temple of the ancient tutelary goddess to survive, and exceptional measures had to be taken in Cyprus, Phenicia, and the Lebanon, on account of the unusually gross immoralities connected with the old worship, and the tenacity with which the people clung to their superstitions, probably on the very ground of their encouragement of the worst forms of debauchery.

In the same way, it cannot be pretended that the Christian authorities, whether ecclesiastical or secular, spared the temples

and shrines in the country as they were spared in the towns. The rustic temples had probably little in the way of artistic beauty to recommend them as objects of mercy. On the other hand, the very name of Paganism, which has come to be synonymous with heathenism in modern language, witnesses to the truth that the old superstitions lingered on in the country long after they had died out before the scepticism, if not the Christianity, of the towns and cities. The country was the stronghold of superstition—it is so, wherever superstition exists, to the present day. We find the saints, like St. Martin in Gaul, waging an internecine war with the remains of Paganism in such parts. When we consider all the apparatus of superstition with which the popular belief invested woods and groves and fields and rivers, every operation of agriculture, and every spot in the farm down to the dunghill itself, we cannot wonder at the zeal of these servants of God for the purification of the whole country and common life in it. But we are here dealing, not with the remains of art, not with anything classical or beautiful in itself, but with the trappings of human degradation around which a singular fascination had fastened itself. When Arcadius and Honorius, in 399, ordered the destruction of the country shrines throughout the whole Empire, they took measures which were absolutely necessary for the eradication of Paganism. And, if we are to trust the authorities quoted by M. Allard in his chapter on this subject, it would seem that a very curious essay might be written, even in our own time, on the relics of Paganism which are even yet to be found in countries which have been Christian for many centuries. M. Allard tells us, on the authority of a French antiquarian of much credit, that in the present century amulets, with some of the most degrading marks of a Pagan origin on them, were sold close to Rouen. "In our own days," he continues, "fountains and sacred trees are venerated in Asia Minor. Perhaps Astarte has still some forgotten worshippers in a fold of the Lebanon. The people of Cyprus render a sort of worship to the sea—'the holy sea,' as in the times when it celebrated the birth of Venus at Paphos from the foam of the waves. The peasants of Sardinia have preserved the ancient custom of the 'Gardens of Adonis.' The fable of the Gorgons is still popular in Greece. The peasants are fond of having the image of a Gorgon tattooed on their breasts or on their arms. They practise divination by means of animals which have been put to death, and believe in the auspices taken from

the flight of birds.”<sup>6</sup> In any case it is clear enough that the policy of the Christian Governments in destroying what was really the aliment of a living and degrading superstition cannot be complained of in the interest of art or of antiquarianism.

In the fourth century, as we are informed by the poets of the time, Rome was still the magnificent city which so many years of unbroken Empire had made it. The victory of Christianity over Paganism had not involved the destruction of the works of art, any more than of the temples themselves. The statues which adorned the streets and porticoes and baths were probably largely increased in number by the decay of the Pagan worship. They were taken from the temples and used for the adornment of the city. But the prosperity of Rome could not but itself decay with the falling fortunes of the Empire to which she gave her name. In the fourth century, before the barbarian invasions of Italy had reached the banks of the Tiber, the great supplies of marble were no longer at hand for building purposes, and with the fifth century there came upon the Imperial City a period of disaster, which is quite sufficient to account for the desolation which involved Christian art and monuments as well as Pagan. It was a time of great misery, public and private, and the inhabitants freely used the materials which they found to their hands when anything was to be built or restored after destruction. Then began that long series of spoliations which never ceased as long as there was anything left of the ancient Rome. It was not till a very late period indeed in the history of the Rome of the Popes, that the custom came to an end of using the great ruined temples as quarries for modern buildings. Every one knows the epigrammatic words—*Quod non fecerunt barbari, fecerunt Barberini*—and that to the spoliation to which they refer we owe the present mutilated state in which the Coliseum remains. But those words are, in a sense, not true. The barbarians began, or forced others to begin, what the Barberini are blamed for doing. If they did not themselves demolish the Rome of the Emperors, the barbarians made the demolition a necessity. From the fatal year 420—the year in which Cav. de Rossi fixes the capture of Rome by Alaric—to the end of the sixth century, Rome was six times either taken by the barbarians or retaken by the armies of the Empire. It was sacked under Genseric in 455, for fourteen days and fourteen nights, and neither Pagan temples nor Christian basilicas were

<sup>6</sup> P. 213.

spared. The invaders carried away indiscriminately the gilded roof of the Capitol, the relics brought from Jerusalem by Titus, and the sacred vessels of the churches. Ricimer sacked Rome in 472; it was besieged by Vitiges in 537—538, and though Belisarius saved it, the losses were immense. It was then that the mausoleum of Adrian was transformed into a fortress, and its defenders hurled on the heads of the besiegers the statues which adorned it, the remains of which were long afterwards found in digging the ditches for the Castle of St. Angelo. When the Goths retired, they left the country round Rome entirely devastated, and all the buildings destroyed. Even the Christian catacombs had not been respected. In 546, Totila took Rome, pillaged it, and left it a desert. Belisarius retook it in 547, and Totila in 549. In 552 Narses regained possession of the city for his master Justinian. But even Narses did not spare the monuments of art, for he sent many treasures of that kind to Constantinople. In doing this, he was continuing a line of policy which had been begun by Constantine himself, though, of course, neither the first Christian Emperor nor his successors up to the time of the taking of Rome by the Goths, ever applied it to the Imperial City herself. But it was the policy of Constantine to make his new capital rich with the artistic spoils of all the world, except Rome herself. This policy belongs to our immediate subject, and is illustrated at great length by the erudite author whom we are following in this paper.

It had always been the habit of Roman Emperors, and of Romans long before there was any Empire, to appropriate the artistic treasures of the countries which became subject to Rome. Pausanias tells of the example set by Augustus in this respect. It was followed by Caligula. Nero sent connoisseurs into Greece and Asia Minor, to choose for him statues and objects of value from the temples of the gods. It is believed, we are told by M. Allard, that some of the finest statues now in the museums at Rome are there on account of this arbitrary act of Nero. When he himself went to Greece and returned with eighteen hundred crowns, he also brought back to Rome a still larger number of statues. Five hundred came from Delphi alone. Greece was so full of these treasures, that what was thus taken was hardly missed. At all events, Constantine had abundant precedent for his acts of spoliation, and may be pleaded in his excuse that he was founding a city which was at once to take the place of the capital of the Eastern World.

What seems to have been peculiar to Constantine is this, that the former Emperors had not scrupled to plunder even the temples of the statues and ornaments of art which were their subsidiary treasures, whereas the first Christian Emperor did not spare the very sanctuaries themselves, at which the superstition of the policy of his predecessors had stopped short. Thus he ordered the Jupiter of Dodona, the Minerva of Lindus, the Pythian Apollo, the Sminthian Apollo, the Amphitrite of Rhodes, the Rhea of Mount Dindymus, the Muses of Helicon, the group of Perseus and Andromeda at Iconium, and other statues more or less famous, to be transported to his new city. Neither was he the first to plunder the temples of the accumulated treasures in the way of votive offerings of the precious metals and the like; but he carried the system of plunder further than others, who had been arrested by the veneration which they felt, or thought it well to seem to feel, for the gods themselves and their images which were thus decorated. These famous statues were used by Constantine for the adornment of the city. He had no scruple as to placing them before the eyes of the people, nor does any one appear to have raised the slightest objection on grounds of religion. Paganism was dead, and the children of the Church were in no danger from the embellishment of the Christian city, in which the Cross was everywhere to be seen, by the spoils of the ancient worship. "The most exquisite works of the Greek chisel," says M. Allard, "were there offered to the view, mingled with the gilded statues of the Good Shepherd and of Daniel, while the tripod of Delphi decorated the *Spina* of the Hippodrome, and, raised on a column of porphyry taken from the temple of Heliopolis, a statue of Apollo, transformed into the likeness of Constantine, and purified by a portion of the true Cross hidden in its base, was placed triumphantly in the middle of the forum."<sup>7</sup>

One authority quoted by M. Allard tells us that as many as four hundred and twenty statues, chiefly the works of Greek masters, were deposited in the single church of Sancta Sophia. The Senate house was a complete museum. Its gates were taken from the temple of Diana at Ephesus, and the doors of the *curia* were guarded by the Jupiter of Dodona and the Minerva of Lindus. In another place, built by Arcadius, were the Venus of Cnidus, the Juno of Samos, the Olympian Jupiter, the works of Praxiteles, Lysippus, and Phidias. "But," says

M. Allard, "nothing approached the baths of Zeuxippus. There was perhaps the most splendid museum which had been formed in all antiquity. These baths were anterior to the foundation of Constantinople. They had been built by Septimius Severus, and had been the ornament of the ancient Byzantium ; but the founder of the new capital had enlarged and magnificently decorated them. It would be easy to restore the catalogue of the statues which adorned them. Banduri has collected a complete anthology of the inscriptions which the great works of art collected at Constantinople drew from the Byzantine poets, and an entire book is filled by the verses of the poet Christodorus on the statues of the baths of Zeuxippus. All the gods, all the demi-gods, all the fabulous heroes, the poets, the philosophers, the statesmen of Greece, as well as some Romans, had their statues there. An admirable statue of Homer is especially mentioned. The baths of Zeuxippus were burned under Justinian, but the fires which were so frequent at Constantinople, and of which we find mention in every page of the Byzantine historians, never destroyed more than a small part of the treasures of art that were there amassed. Thus Justinian, before rebuilding the church of Sancta Sophia, was able to remove from the church the greater part of the statues which it had contained, and distribute them over various places in the city. Constantinople was full of ancient marbles and bronzes at the beginning of the thirteenth century."

It is, in fact, to Constantine, and the other Christian Emperors who continued his policy, that we owe the possibility of the Renaissance. The mere mention of the Renaissance is enough to make some people foam at the mouth, and we are not about, at the end of this slight paper, to enter on the argument as to whether that movement in Western Europe was an unmixed evil or a great but qualified good. There can be no doubt that, if the Church did not welcome the Renaissance, she at least accepted it, and if she accepted it it must have been in the same spirit in which she looked on while the Christian Emperors treated the great remains of ancient art, stained as that art was with the trappings of idolatry and heathenism, with so much large-minded respect. We believe the principle of this conduct on the part of the Church to have been that same principle of which we have spoken at the beginning of the article. All that is truly beautiful in the products of human genius, all that is true in the achievements of human industry

and investigation, belongs by right to the true religion. This truth once acknowledged, it is as foolish to rail against the use of the highest human art in any department in the service of the sanctuary, as it is to anathematize science and all true progress whatsoever in the knowledge of nature and her forces, on the ground that pioneers in these realms of discovery have so often been childish enough to imagine that they have come upon facts which throw doubt upon the received truths of religion.

## *St. Paul's, London.*

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### PART THE FIRST.—THE RISE.

IT needs some considerable power of self-concentration, as one mounts the ascent of Ludgate Hill amidst the roar and tumult of workaday life, amidst the

Mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,  
Dirty and dusky!<sup>1</sup>

through which looms the “huge dun cupola,” of modern St. Paul’s to build up in one’s mind’s eye the old St. Paul’s, the greatest and noblest of the Catholic Cathedrals raised by the faith of our Fathers, on the spot where now stands the only Cathedral which Protestantism has yet erected. And still it is worth an effort, for that central spot of the City of London is rich and hallowed in its memories to the Catholic heart. It is with the endeavour to revive these recollections, and perhaps to build up in a dim vision the departed glories of the ancient Metropolitan Church, that these papers are undertaken in the brief leisure moments of a busy life.

In an eloquent and suggestive passage in his noble work, *Les Moines d’Occident*,<sup>2</sup> Montalembert points out, that with an “expressive and touching memory of Rome,” the missionaries from the Eternal City dedicated the sister churches of London and Westminster to the two princes of the Apostles, and on the dim and murky shores of the Thames, as on the banks of the yellow Tiber, St. Peter and St. Paul “found in these two sanctuaries, distinct, but yet not far apart, a new consecration of their glorious brotherhood in the apostolate and in martyrdom.” It was to the royal convert to Christianity, Ethelbert, that the foundation of St. Paul’s is due, as afterwards Sebert founded St. Peter’s, when with the poet he could say—

<sup>1</sup> Byron, *Don Juan*, canto x.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. iii. ch. iii. p. 429.

That Thames,  
Huge river from the forests rolled by God,  
Should image, like the Tyber, churches twain,  
Honouring these Princes of the Apostle's band.  
King Ethelbert my uncle, built Saint Paul's,  
Saint Peter's Church be mine.<sup>3</sup>

Immediately after his baptism on Pentecost Day, A.D. 597, he bestowed his royal palace at Canterbury on St. Augustine as the metropolitan residence, and in 605 the vast Abbey of SS. Peter and Paul in that city, with the façade of 250 ft. long, was given by him to God and the Church. A few years later, and Mellitus arrived from Rome as an aid to St. Augustine, and a fresh pledge of St. Gregory's devotion to the conversion of England. The see of London was founded with the Roman monk at its head as first Bishop, and the zealous King Ethelbert, with the permission of King Sebert, whose ashes rest beneath the sedilia of the sister Church of Westminster, before long erected and endowed in the capital of the East Saxons the "glorious" Cathedral Church of St. Paul.

It is not worth our while to enter into the purely archæological question as to whether the site of this infant church had before been devoted to the erection of a temple of Diana. The conjectures to that effect of "the learned Camden" and the excellent Dugdale, that it was "probable enough," or the "witty conceit" of Mr. Selden, as to the fact, were based on no very established testimony. When Sir Christopher Wren opened out the foundations for the existing church, though he found remains of undoubted Roman origin, there were in his opinion no signs, either as to plan or architectural fragments, which pointed to these remains being such as might have been derived from a temple, and indeed Sir Christopher was of the decided opinion they were not. A rough but interesting sketch, exhibited by Mr. Crace in his wonderful collection of plans and views of Old London at South Kensington, drawn by the hand of Dr. Stukeley, the well-known antiquary, and dated 1722, shows in the line of Watling Street, and on the site of St. Paul's—"Lucus et templum Dianaæ." It is evident that the tradition, at any rate, was an established one, and though the testimony is negative on either hand, there is no absolute reason for wholly rejecting it. It is quite possible that in the first instance, if there were a temple it may have been purged of its evil associations, and dedicated to the True God, for that this natural appropria-

<sup>3</sup> Aubrey de Vere, *Legends of the Saxon Saints*, p. 35.

tion of the abodes of Paganism for the home of the true faith was in the spirit of Christianity, is well known.

The church—whether on Pagan foundations or not—was, as has been said, erected by King Ethelbert, “who,” as writes the Venerable Bede, “having most gloriously governed his temporal kingdom fifty-six years, entered into the eternal joys of the Kingdom which is heavenly.”<sup>4</sup> Evil times fell on St. Paul's after the death of the royal convert and his saintly spouse Bertha. The apostacy and evil living of their son Eadbald, and the barbarous paganism of the sons of Sebert, drove the Bishops Mellitus and Justus out of England, but Laurentius, the successor of St. Augustine, sleeping, like the Prophet of old, in the Church of SS. Peter and Paul in Canterbury, being heavy with long prayer and many tears for the state of the flock, and meditating the necessity of flight also, was warned in an awful vision of St. Peter not to abandon his see, and he not only remained faithful to his post, but brought back his fellow Bishops from their exile. But wars and troubles hindered the growth of the church till the son of King Offa, Erkenwald, the fourth successor in the episcopal chair after Mellitus, assumed his place A.D. 674. After a youth of exemplary holiness, this new Bishop displayed the highest qualities both as a pastor of souls and a preacher, and under his zealous impulse the Church of St. Paul was enriched both by spiritual gifts from Rome, and by endowments at the hands of Sebbi, the King of the East Saxons. Erkenwald had, previously to his consecration, founded two famous monasteries, the memories of which have alone come down to our day, namely, Chertsey and Barking, and with the latter is associated the name of his holy sister Ethelberga, first Abbess. Erkenwald died after eleven years of his episcopal rule in 674, just a year after the birth of the future historian of the Saxon Church, who chronicles the miracles of the sainted Bishop,<sup>5</sup> and speaks of the horse litter on which he was wont to penetrate the dense forests to the north of London to preach to and instruct the woodsmen, as existing in his day, carefully kept by the ancient disciples of St. Erkenwald. We shall speak hereafter of the “glorious shrine”<sup>6</sup> erected for the relics of this Saint by the affectionate and pious memory of a future age. No kind of record of what St. Erkenwald actually did as to the fabric, its enlargement or adornment, has come down to

<sup>4</sup> *Eccles. Hist.* ch. v. Bohn.

<sup>5</sup> *Eccles. Hist.* chap. vi. Bohn.

<sup>6</sup> Dugdale, *History of St. Paul's*, p. 4.

us ; indeed, for the two next centuries and a half little or nothing has reached us in regard to the history of St. Paul's.<sup>7</sup> Athelstan (b. 925) who gives himself the proud title of *Rex Anglorum*, and whose princely gifts to the Church, and whose zeal for religion are to this day titles to our respect, associated his name with St. Paul's by the gift of broad acres, and in the deed of gift we find the still familiar names of Drayton and Willesden. Edgar "the Pious" (b. 959) inherited from his uncle Athelstan his zeal for the Monastery of St. Paul, and Egelfleda, or Elfrida, his queen, followed his good example, and both added lands to its endowments. They named St. Dunstan to the bishopric of London. Ethelred "the Unready" followed in his father's footsteps and in the traditions of his charity, however far short he fell of his example in other respects, and confirmed, with threat of direst penalties in the world to come on those who might seek to traverse his will, the gifts of his predecessors. Then came the Danish scourge (980). Still, as the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle tells us that "oft they fought against the City of London, but praise be to God that it yet stands sound," we may conclude that the Church and Monastery of St. Paul escaped on that occasion the ever-ready torch of the northern barbarians. Canute, once he was able to call himself *Rex Anglorum*, showed himself worthy of the grace of conversion. For whilst he proved his loyalty to the See of Peter at Rome, by re-establishing the "Romescot" or Peter's Pence, and by paying his tribute with a large-handed generosity, which would startle the readers of a "list of subscribers" now-a-days, he did not forget St. Paul's of London, and confirmed by charter (still existing in the archives of the Cathedral<sup>8</sup>) the gifts and privileges which belonged thereto. We may be sure that the "Good King Edward," amidst his many foundations and endowments, did not overlook St. Paul's, and so, "in honour of the Apostle and *doctor gentium*, and in memory of St. Erkenwald," gave fresh lands "for ever." Beneath the first waves of the Norman Conquest some considerable portion at least of the possessions of St. Paul's were swept away. But William, red-handed as he was, yet "loved and reverenced the Church," and on the day of his coronation at Westminster confirmed and renewed all the ancient gifts and privileges of St. Paul's, and in Doomsday Book we find a long catalogue of manors, hides, caracutes, pastures for sheep, forests for swine, marsh-land, &c., held for

<sup>7</sup> Milman, *Annals of St. Paul's*, p. 21.

<sup>8</sup> Milman, *Annals*, p. 13.

St. Paul's of London. In 1075 the first great Ecclesiastical Council was held at St. Paul's, Lanfranc, the Primate of the British Isles, being president, and the Archbishop of York, William Bishop of London, and twelve other bishops, with many abbots, and a multitude of religious, meeting in the Cathedral. We may judge from this important event how—as Dugdale writes—"great was the esteem that this eminent Cathedral then had." The fatal year 1087, in which a short harvest, pestilence amongst man and beasts, storms and tempests, were added by the anger of God, perhaps because of them, to the injustice, evil rule, and oppression of men, "St. Paul's holy Minster, the residence of the Bishops of London, was burnt."<sup>9</sup> Amidst these signs of evil, William the Conqueror passed away.

And now a new day dawned upon St. Paul's, for Bishop Maurice (1087—1107), stirred by the enthusiasm of his age for the glory and beauty of God's house, set himself to rebuild the Cathedral Church of London. In the true spirit of the Church, Bishop Maurice laid down the lines of a vast building such as he could never hope to see completed indeed, for he—

Dreamt not of a perishable house  
Who thus could build—

but such as he felt was not unworthy of God, and such as he knew the zeal of his successors would surely carry out. With the previous church a great tower, called the Palatine Tower, had suffered from the flames. It stood not far from the site of St. Paul's, hard by the Fleet River, and where later on, in 1276, the great Dominican Monastery of Black Friars was founded. The materials of this tower, after the fire, were bestowed on Bishop Maurice for his new work. For twenty years, with untiring zeal and energy, the building was pushed on. The body of the church, or in other words the nave and aisles, with what Dugdale calls "the south and north cross isles" or transepts, and a great crypt were left completed at Bishop Maurice's death, splendid in design and vast in scale, "so that it was worthy of being numbered amongst the most famous buildings," as William of Malmesbury tells us.<sup>10</sup> For the ensuing twenty years the next Bishop, Richard de Beaumeis

<sup>9</sup> *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, p. 460. Bohn.

<sup>10</sup> "Tanta est decoris magnificentia, ut merito inter praeclara numeretur aedificia; tanta cryptae laxitas, tanta superioris aedis capacitas, ut cuiilibet populi multitudini videatur posse sufficere" (*De Gestis Pontificum*).

(1107—1127), carried on his predecessor's work, nobly devoting the whole revenue of his see to this good work, and yet "it seemed but little that he effected,"<sup>11</sup> for his chief object was the purchase of adjoining property, enlarging the adjacent streets, and enclosing the land with a "very strong wall." Henry the First, during the lifetime of this zealous Bishop, granted a portion of the moat of the former Palatine Tower to enlarge the area about the church, and permitted all vessels laden with stone for the building to pass up the Fleet River free from toll. But Bishop de Beaumeis died, and Henry Beauclerk passed away with his long struggles with and against the Church to answer for, and little is chronicled of the progress of St. Paul's or of its completion. Doubtless the great nave with its massive piers, eleven on either hand, and its lofty round arched triforium, and the vaulted aisles were completed at this date, such as Hollar shows us in his interior view, and as Dugdale writes of as "yet standing," A.D. 1657. Probably also the small Norman church of St. Gregory, which was attached to the western extremity of the south aisle was built at this date. This was a complete parochial church with nave and aisles, and at its east end (though we have not discovered on what authority) an apsidal chancel is shown in Mr. Ferrey's clever restoration. St. Paul's school had been founded, and the rents of Paul's wharf devoted to the church. During the evil reign of Stephen, when, as the chronicler writes, "we did suffer for nineteen years," so that "it was said openly that Christ and His saints slept,"<sup>12</sup> fire again fell upon St. Paul's, and partially destroyed what had been built by so much sacrifice and zeal. Yet we learn that pious Christians about this time had endowed the Cathedral with lands and with revenues to assure the constant burning of lamps before the shrine of St. Erkenwald, and the altar of St. James. That the Cathedral was cared for even amidst perpetual wars and troubles is further proved by the appointment of a treasurer during King Stephen's reign by Bishop Richard de Beaumeis (the second of his name), with the provision of the revenue of four churches, to "provide 300 lbs. weight of wax for six lamps continually burning in this church; as also Oyl, incense, and Cole, for the amending and washing the ornaments and vestments belonging thereto; and moreover for the sweeping and cleaning thereof with

<sup>11</sup> Dugdale, p. 6.

<sup>12</sup> *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, p. 504. Bohn.

Rushes, Straw, and Mops,"<sup>13</sup> and for the support of a sacristan and three assistants. Of the objects devoted to the glory of God, and employed in the service of the altar and church, which were under the care and custody of the treasurer and sacristans, we shall have to speak hereafter. The foundation of the deanery within the precinct of the churchyard of St. Paul's, and of a hospital within the liberties of the Cathedral, belong to this period (1171 to 1216), and doubtless, despite the troubles of the age, the church grew, and most probably its "early English," or "first pointed" clerestory, and the vaulted roof of the nave belong to this date. Nor, whilst the fabric grew in size and beauty crowning the hill of Lud, girt with its walls and six gates, and grouping with the adjacent buildings, whilst on the then pure waters of Thames and Fleet rode the galleys and craft which even in those far off times made London a mart of the world, are the records of the events which took place within the walls of St. Paul's wanting in interest. In Henry the Second's reign, Gilbert Foliot, then Bishop of London, and the ambitious tool of the imperious King, was publicly excommunicated before the very altar of St. Paul's, by order and authority of St. Thomas à Becket. In the ensuing reign of Cœur-de-Lion, St. Paul's nave witnessed the struggle between the unscrupulous chancellor, William de Longchamps and the treacherous Prince John each with their supporters, clergy, and armed barons, clamouring beneath the sacred vaults, whilst the lion-hearted King was away battling for the Cross. In 1208, the Norman Bishop, William de Sancta Maria, had to proclaim the awful and solemn Interdict pronounced under the evil reign of King John against the Realm of England. The massive doors of St. Paul's were closed against the people, the burial ground received no dead in its consecrated soil, the sacraments of Marriage and Baptism were performed within the porch only, and the bells, consecrated and anointed, were silent in St. Paul's tower for joy as for sorrow. It was during the same reign that the vast Cathedral was thronged by bishops, abbots, deans, and barons, with the steadfast and courageous Cardinal Langton at their head, and on this solemn occasion the charter of Henry the First was brought forward by the Archbishop, and accepted with acclamation by the council, as the basis of England's Magna Charta.

<sup>13</sup> Dugdale, p. 9.

With the beginning of the reign of Henry the Third opens the era of the full glory and blossoming of St. Paul's. In 1216, when this child-monarch mounted the throne, architecture had all but reached its apogee of perfect grace and loveliness of proportion, form, and detail; and assuredly, if we may judge from the views left to us by the conscientious graver of old Hollar, St. Paul's did not fall short of the splendour of the choirs of Westminster and Lincoln, the nave of Salisbury, and the nine altars of Durham. As we have said, the Norman nave and aisles and transepts had long been built, "and so likewise the choir, which it then had, . . . but the said choir was not, afterwards, thought beautifull enough, for though in uniformitie of building it suited the church, it is very plain."<sup>14</sup> But the spirit of the age was one of change, and the solemn gloom of the massive round arched architecture of the choir was not deemed worthy of the Holy of Holies; then the wonted low massive central tower of the period, doubtless, did not rise sufficiently clear and soaring over London, to be the expression of the prayer and unbroken faith of the citizens who dwelt about it and under its shadow; and so tower and choir were to come down, and make way for something better far, as good as the zeal and skill of man could devise. Roger Niger, who was Bishop of London in these days, stretched out his hand to seek the charitable aid of his fellow-bishops throughout the two nations of England and Ireland, and most nobly did they respond with their alms both during his life, and after his death, to enable the good work to be carried out which he had begun. Hugh Foliot, Bishop of Hereford, was the first to issue an appeal to his clergy and people, and granted twenty days' indulgence for seven years to all who, fulfilling the usual conditions, gave alms to St. Paul's. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York followed this example, and so did in 1235 the Archbishop of Cologne, dating his letter from "The New Temple," in London. The Bishops of Bath, St. David's, Carlisle, Rochester, Coventry and Lichfield, Norwich, Exeter, Landaff, and Salisbury, all in their turn, issued "letters hortatorie" to their flocks in behalf of St. Paul's, and Bishop Niger being dead, a visit to his tomb was in some cases made a condition of gaining the spiritual advantages attached to the giving of alms. At a later period (1237) it is deeply interesting as a proof of the

<sup>14</sup> Dugdale, pp. 10, 11.

link that religion forms even where adverse circumstances exist in civil life, to find the names of eight Irish Bishops combined to assist in the building of the great Metropolitan Church of St. Paul's in London. We cannot resist giving the names, all the more interesting as they are mostly those of sees, never widowed, and held to-day as they were nearly six centuries ago by zealous and devoted Catholic Bishops. They are Emely, Leighlin, Imely, Killaloo, Conor, Elphin, Cashel, Down.<sup>15</sup>

But we must go back to the beginning of this "new spring" of St. Paul's. The work began with the new tower; the old Norman erection, as far as one may judge from Hollar's prints, was probably taken down to the level of the top of the triforium of the nave, and thence carried up with a magnificent open lantern, lit by twelve exceedingly long windows of two lights, three on each face, with massive buttresses at the four angles of the tower, and a belfry storey below the spire. The spire was in timber, covered with lead. It was completed in 1221, or the fifth year of King Henry the Second's reign. In two quaint drawings in MSS. of Matthew Paris, one in the British Museum, the other at Cambridge (*circa* 1236), we find views of this spire, rising from the centre of what is described as *la iglise Sci. Pol*, faithfully showing the three long lantern windows on either face of the tower, but with a certain discrepancy as regards angle turrets, or spire windows, with which architectural draughtsmen of the period, and long after, troubled themselves but lightly. The western portion of the choir adjoining the central tower, and the new transepts seem to have been carried on about this time. In 1240, though the building was evidently not wholly completed, a solemn dedication of the church took place. The Papal Legate Otho, King Henry the Third, Eadmund Archbishop of Canterbury, six other bishops, and Roger Niger, the moving spirit, the Bishop of London, were present and assisted on this solemn occasion. How far the new choir was finished, no distinct information has reached us. It is clear the stalls were in their place, for in 1236 a special request had been made to the faithful for "fitting timber for the stalls in the quire;"<sup>16</sup> on the other hand, the successor of Niger, Bishop Foulk Basset, after restoring or entirely renewing in 1255 the ancient roof of the nave—which *jam quasi in ruinam gravissimam declinare videtur*<sup>17</sup>—was in the following year (1256)

<sup>15</sup> Dugdale.

<sup>16</sup> Dugdale, p. 12.

<sup>17</sup> Dugdale, *ut supra*, p. 13.

engaged on the crypt of St. Faith, which extended under the seven easternmost bays of the choir, which he probably lengthened by so much, and possibly even carried to completion the unrivalled and unique eastern end of the Cathedral, of which we shall speak just now.

But whilst the fabric was thus drawing to its full splendour and perfect beauty, we must not overlook the historical events connected with it and which took place within its walls. Early in his reign Henry the Third published the great Charter, wrung from his predecessor, in solemn council held in St. Paul's. When the holy and sagacious Cardinal Langton went to his reward, Pope Honorius the Third sent a successor to advise the young monarch, and he was enthroned in St. Paul's, not without some signs of that obstinate, insular opposition to Rome which was the reproach of the mediaeval period in England, as it was one of the causes which cost us the faith at a later period. Amidst the gloom of a November day Otho the Legate, surrounded by Prelates and clergy, and with a regal body guard, entered St. Paul's with all the pomp and splendour of the Church's ritual, and from his throne on a draped platform in the nave, preached, and promulgated the Canons forcing the laws of discipline to be the guide and rule of the clergy of England. When the zealous Bishop Niger died, after fourteen years of faithful service to God, and his high dignity as Bishop of London, the King commanded that a dole should be given to fifteen hundred poor, and fifteen hundred tapers offered for his soul in St. Paul's. A splendid monument was erected to his memory, and the affectionate remembrance of the people claimed for him the title of Saint and Confessor. Meantime, in 1277, Richard de Hereford, "for the health of his soul; as also for the soul of Hugh his Father and Cecilie his Mother, and the souls of all the faithful deceased,"<sup>18</sup> with the true old English love and devotion to our Blessed Lady, bestowed a perpetual rent of certain houses in Addle Hill: *Ad opus, et sustentationem perpetuam, novi operis gloriosæ et beatæ Virginis Marie, matris Domini mei Jesu Christi, fundati et inchoati ad caput famosæ Ecclesiæ S. Pauli, versus orientem.*<sup>19</sup> The high altar of metal, set with enamels and precious stones and images of metal, with apparently a canopy or baldachin of pictured wood-work borne up by columns, was erected by Bishop Baldock in 1309. Three years after, the whole of the

<sup>18</sup> Dugdale, p. 13.      <sup>19</sup> Dugdale, p. 13.

"new work" or choir, with its aisles and Lady chapel, was paved with marble. Hardly three more years had elapsed when the greater part of the wooden spire, only one hundred and thirty-four years old, had to be renewed, and on this occasion, in the "pomell" or globe at the foot of the cross, which was richly gilt, "the Reliques of divers saints were put, to the intent that God Almighty, by the glorious merits of His saints, would vouchsafe to preserve the said steeple from all dangers of Tempests,"<sup>20</sup> as was done in our own time when the central *flèche* or spirelet of Nôtre Dame in Paris was restored.

There are yet two or three adjuncts to the church too important to be passed over, and which, we trust, our readers will not consider us too tedious in describing. And first, the crypt of St. Faith, with its triple row of massive columns bearing up the low arched vault beneath the choir, lit with rows of deep-niched windows just above the level of St. Paul's Churchyard. A transverse screen cut off the four easternmost bays, and formed the "Jesus Chapel." Here were the altars of St. Radegund and St. Sebastian. The Blessed Sacrament was suspended above the chief altar. The floor was strewn with memorial brasses and slabs. The Chapter-house and Cloisters next demand our notice as being without doubt the most unique and remarkable buildings of their description in Christendom. The cloisters, a parallelogram of about 100 feet square, occupied the angle formed by the south aisle of the nave, of which they included four bays, and the southern transept, of which they took the entire depth. This was the former site of the deanery garden and of the original chapter-house, of which no record nor trace remains. The new building was begun in 1332, and was a most sumptuous example of the elaborate architecture of the period. In the centre of the cloister-yard stood the chapter-house, quite detached save by a short passage to the east connecting it with the cloister. It was an octagonal building or plan, measuring about 40 feet in diameter. But besides the peculiarity of its thus standing in the centre of the cloister court, there was another feature equally unusual, and that was that both chapter-house and cloister had two floors. In both cases the lower storey seems to have had wide open arches, which in the cloister were cusped, and then between richly adorned buttresses were traceried windows, surmounted by crocketed pediments, whilst rich groups of pinnacles clustered about the base of the tall conical roof of

<sup>20</sup> Dugdale, *ut supra*, p. 15.

the chapter-house, and broke the long lines of the cloister parapets. The buttresses of the chapter-house were massive and far projecting to support its lofty vaults. Externally a lofty, and, as Dugdale says, "strong" wall, offered a complete protection and inclosure with little or no adornment, over which blossomed the sumptuous coronal of the chapter-house roof. But the other day fragments of this splendid work were brought to light, and it is only on examination of these unearthed stones that an idea of the singular elaboration and costliness of the work can be realized. A splendid fragment of one angle of the crypt or lower storey of the chapter-house, and the bases of three bays of the cloister, deeply moulded, and in the latter case executed in Purbeck marble, attest the character of the design. From an early date, contemporary with the foundation of "Paul's School" by Richard de Beaumeis (*circa* 1100), the *Clouche*, or bell tower, is mentioned. It seems to have been a detached *campanile*, such as is common especially in Italy, and not wholly unknown at home or at East Dereham in Norfolk, Chichester Cathedral, &c. Later on (*circa* 1220) a wooden spire was added to this tower, covered with lead, and crowned with a great image of St. Paul. This tower contained four "very great bells, called Jesus Bells,"<sup>21</sup> which were pealed to summon the citizens to the Folk-mote or Ward-mote meetings in the Churchyard. The tower stood to the east of the Cathedral, *in angulo majoris Cimiterii Sti. Pauli*.

To the north-east, and not far from the tower just described, stood St. Paul's Cross, the foundations of which have been discovered no longer ago than last April. An octagonal basis of stone has been laid bare, and on this was doubtless constructed the wooden erection which existed at the end of the twelfth century. Stow describes the Cross in his day as "a pulpit cross of timber, mounted on stone steps, and covered with lead," and it is easy to imagine how the pulpit and the church-yard cross were combined, as a picturesque and characteristic feature. It was an object of no little importance, for besides the appeal of Robert de Braybroke, Bishop of London (1387) for the "*Crux alta ubi verbum Dei consuevit populo predicari*," we have letters from the Archbishop of Canterbury, and several other bishops of distant dioceses, inviting alms for this object. As Dugdale saw it, it had been rebuilt by Bishop Kemp, whose arms were impressed on its leaden cover during the close of the fifteenth century.

<sup>21</sup> Dugdale, p. 127.

We hear of St. Paul's Churchyard and Paul's Cross on more than one occasion when the turbulent citizens of London met to clamour for "liberty;" and more than once the deep toll of the great bells boomed over the City of London from St. Paul's towers to summon its citizens to arms in those troubled times. No fiercer scene of popular rage ever was enacted in or about the sacred precincts than when, in the reign of Edward the Second, goaded by the folly of the King and the insolence of his favourites, the unwavering and furious mob, surged about the Cathedral to intercept the Bishop of Exeter, Walter Stapleton, Governor of London, tore him from his horse as he sought sanctuary at the great portal of the north transept, proclaimed him a traitor, murdered him in Cheapside, and cast his body into the Thames. Nor was this the only Bishop of St. Paul's who fell a victim to the popular fury, for Simon Sudbury, formerly chaplain to Innocent the Sixth at Avignon, and who was Chancellor, as well as Bishop of London, was beheaded by the "shoeless ribald," on Tower Hill, A.D. 1375. Again, during the splendid reign of the third Edward, that type of a Catholic King, one of the noblest figures of our English history, the London populace gathered about Paul's Cross at the call of the then Bishop, William de Courtenay, to threaten the Florentine money-lenders for their usuries and extortions.

We can only mention in passing "the Charnel," which was a vault in which the bones gathered from the cemetery were "with great respect and care decently piled together,"<sup>22</sup> and over which was a Chantry chapel, where the Blessed Sacrament was suspended, and where numerous foundations for Masses for the souls in Purgatory had been established. Some fine monuments seem to have existed in this chapel. "Pardon Church Hawgh" was another chantry, inclosed in a cloister, and originally founded by Gilbert, the father of St. Thomas à Becket. The cloister was famous for its pictures of "the Dance of Death" upon its walls, with Lygate's verses in English beneath each group. The eastern wing of this cloister was carried up at a later date to form a library.

And now as we have described St. Paul's perfect and complete, on which all had been lavished that man can give either of ingenuity of invention, or grace of fancy, or skill of hand, all furnished forth by inexhaustible generosity, we would fain, though it be but feebly, paint a word picture of this glorious

<sup>22</sup> Dugdale, p. 129.

church. Its faithful historian Dugdale, and his skilful fellow-worker, the artist Hollar, will guide our pencil-pen.

Let us then pass below the archway and portcullis of Ludgate, flanked by its two massive towers, and slowly ascend the hill with the overhanging gables of the houses on either side, and many a church spire peering over the thickly studded dwellings, the city walls closing in on either hand behind us. Turning to look back for a moment, old London lies below us, and far beyond—

St. Peter's towers above the high-roofed streets  
Smiles on St. Paul's.<sup>23</sup>

And now through the gateway of the Close we enter the walled space of St. Paul's Churchyard. To our left, in the north-west corner, is the palace of the Bishops of London, a fitting home for kings, for Edward the Third and Philippa were sumptuously entertained here with all the noblest of the land. Before us from the green turf, studded with many a grave, each marked with its cross, rises the grey and venerable Norman façade of the Cathedral of Bishop Maurice, with its deep-set portals rich with the characteristic ornamentation of the style, its arcades, and its shafted windows, the gable showing the gradual change of character of the work as carried on by Bishop de Beaumeis. Flanking the great front of the Cathedral to the right, is the Church of St. Gregory, similar in style, but giving scale and grandeur by its smaller size to the mother-church. Beyond it we catch a glimpse of the massive inclosure of the cloisters, fringed only at its summit with a row of sculptured escutcheons, and contrasting by its simplicity with the rich crown of pinnacles and canopies of the chapter-house which rise above its limits. Beyond, on either hand, stretch the transepts, their sky-line rising far above the apex of the nave roof, each side displaying the splendid "new work" of Bishop Niger in all the grace and perfection of the "early decorated" architecture. From this great substructure, which spreads north and south some 340 feet, rises broad and strong the great central tower. Huge buttresses stand at its four corners, and double tiers of sweeping flying buttresses rise from the cross walls of nave and transepts, still further to poise and sustain the majestic structure, which, with its grouped lantern lights and belfry, rises square and solid for a height of 260 feet. Thence, with clustering pinnacles and spire lights

<sup>23</sup> Aubrey de Vere, *Legends of the Saxon Saints*, p. 37.

about its foot, shoots up the leaden-covered spire to another 274 feet, terminated by its lofty cross, which stands on a ball or knop capable of holding ten bushels of corn, enshrining the relics of saints, and looking down on London, the stamp and emblem of a then unbroken faith, from a total height of 534 feet! Once more looking eastwards, the Becket Chantry, and its beautiful cloister and library, group to the north with the chantry chapel of the Charnel, and the Hall or Refectory of the petty canons. As we move round the Cathedral, and stay to gaze on the splendid elevation of the northern transept, and its great doorway, hard by which stands the Chapel of our Lady and St. Nicholas, we come in view of the venerable *clochier*, with its steep roof and its gilded metal image of St. Paul upon its apex, whilst hard by from its stone base rises the timber-framed pulpit of Paul's Cross, on the summit of which towers the holy Rood bearing the sculptured image of our Redeemer, the trodden ground about it testifying to the crowds that from time to time throng about to listen to God's words. But we are drawn away from these objects to gaze on the vast Choir, opposite to the northern flank of which we stand. It rises before us tier after tier, as the deep-set windows of St. Faith's Crypt are surmounted by the graceful three light windows of the aisle, broken here and there by chantry chapels with their elaborate and delicate detail, thrown out between the massive buttresses, which rising over the parapet to receive the thrust of the light but nervous flying buttresses of the clerestory, taper off into richly flowered pinnacles. Above, again, rises the clerestory of the choir, and the ridge-line cuts the blue sky at an elevation of about 150 feet from the level of St. Paul's Cemetery in which we are standing. We pass round the eastern end, and gaze in admiration on the superb rose of nearly 40 feet in diameter, filling the head of the great east window, and return by the southern transept. Here we traverse the garden of the dean and chapter, the deanery and houses of the resident canons group to the west, whilst further west rises one of the massive towers of the inclosure wall,<sup>24</sup> used as the ecclesiastical prison, with its stern battlements and narrow loops. Passing the walls of the cloister and the southern

<sup>24</sup> For the materials of this description and what follows see Dugdale *passim*, with Hollar's engravings (1656); General View of St. Paul's, c. 1550, in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, by Antonio van den Vyngaerd, a facsimile of which is exhibited at South Kensington by J. G. Crace, Esq., in his collection; and some admirable sketches by H. W. Brewer, Esq., in the *Graphic* newspaper, March 2, 1872.

flank of St. Gregory's Church, we once more gain the western door.<sup>25</sup>

Let us enter, and as we cross ourselves with holy water, we are awed and overwhelmed by the majestic splendour of the vast perspective which stretches out before us! For 330 feet the huge piers of the Norman nave are ranged to right and left, broken only by the chantry of Bishop Kemp and the tomb of John Beauchamp, till the great ascent of twelve steps stretching across the whole width of the choir, forms a noble pedestal to the Rood screen with its great cross and the tapers for ever burning before it.<sup>26</sup> Dimly, through the open doors of the screen, we see the gleaming of the high altar, declining from the axis of the nave to the north-east, as did our Lord's head when He hung upon the Cross.<sup>27</sup> There are lights of many lamps, their long reflections in the marble floor, and on either hand the dark carved oaken stalls. High over head arches the vaulted roof with its sculptured bosses, and its emblazoned scutcheons on the groins, rising from the long groups of shafts which define the twenty-five bays of nave and choir, and draw out the vast church to a total length of near 700 feet.<sup>28</sup> The narrow windows of the nave, filled with deep-hued glass inclosed in massive iron framework, only gives additional splendour to the gemlike and sparkling paintings which fill the choir windows, and becomes more solemn in contrast to the flood of brilliant light pouring down from the windows of the central Lantern, full on the majestic image of Christ on His Rood, and the sculptured saints about Him on the screen. Well may we exclaim with reverent and bated breath, *Quam dilecta tabernacula tua, Domine virtutum!*

Let us slowly advance up the nave. Hard by the door we pass the monument of Bishop Michael of Northbury (1361), humbly placed here to implore the prayers of passers-by.<sup>29</sup> The floor is strewed with similar memorials, all breathing earnest supplication for the souls of those whose bodies rest below. Built between two of the southern piers, we reach the exquisite

<sup>25</sup> Afterwards the "Lolland's" Tower.

<sup>26</sup> Dugdale, p. 20.

<sup>27</sup> See Mr. Penrose's *Notes on St. Paul's Cathedral*; *Transactions of Institute of British Architects*, January 27 and February 10, 1879.

<sup>28</sup> There are divergencies on the subject of the actual length. Stow says 720ft.; Dugdale states that the "length thereof" by "exact measure," taken in 1313, "was found to contain 690 ft., though Hollar's plan scales only about 534 ft.

<sup>29</sup> Dugdale, p. 33.

chantry of Bishop Thomas Kemp.<sup>30</sup> The effigy of the Bishop lies within the arcaded screen of the chapel; at its feet is the altar where a daily Mass is said for his soul "for ever." We will not linger to examine the richly sculptured cornices and brattishing of this tomb, for<sup>31</sup> against the second pillar to the south of the nave, westwards from the central tower—the vast lantern of which is beginning to open out upon us—we see attached "the glorious image of the Blessed Virgin." Rich offerings are hung about this favourite object of devotion, a blaze of waxen candles burn about it, and a group of "devout people and pilgrims" kneel before it, chanting an anthem to our Lady. We stay to join in the prayer, and let fall our offering into the iron box at its feet, and pass on to the sculptured effigy on its high tomb of Sir John de Beauchamp, with its "little altar" hard by for the daily Mass founded for his own soul and the souls of the most noble the Earls of Warwick "for ever."<sup>32</sup> We look more carefully on the elaborate Rood screen, with its imagery and canopy work, and pass into the southern transept, nor do we forget to note the clock,<sup>33</sup> a truly splendid work, upon which cunning carving and rich gilding have been lavished, an angel marking the hours as they pass upon the dial. A range of altars stands against the eastern wall, and we note especially that of St. John the Baptist, with its marble super-altar. Opposite is the deeply moulded and sculptured cloister doorway, and the transept terminates with its lofty gable, pierced by the great southern doorway. In the northern transept is a great crucifix,<sup>34</sup> evidently an object of much devotion, for a great waxen taper ever burns before it, and the chantry altar of St. James stands below it,<sup>35</sup> and as we look, the choristers of the Cathedral group reverently about its feet and chant an anthem, of which the words, *Sancte Deus fortis*, reach our ear. The marble slab under which, as we learn from the inscription, Bishop Richard Martin of St. David's in Wales lies,<sup>36</sup> is close to the door of this transept. We will now pass round the choir, and entering the north choir aisle we come almost at once on two deeply interesting monuments. Behind the graceful trefoiled arcade that clothes the walls below the level of the windows, in two low arched recesses are the venerable sarcophagi of King Sebba, the convert of St. Erken-

<sup>30</sup> Dugdale, p. 39.

<sup>31</sup> Dugdale, p. 19.

<sup>32</sup> Dugdale, p. 36.

<sup>33</sup> Dugdale, p. 22.

<sup>34</sup> Dugdale, p. 30.

<sup>35</sup> Dugdale, p. 20. Ob. 1483, v. Gams. Series Episcoporum.

wald in the year of Christ 677, who after a reign of thirty years took the religious habit, and of King Etheldred, who died 1017. Long historical inscriptions graven on brass tablets are affixed above the tombs. Advancing behind the back of the stalls and the organ, which occupies the third arch of the choir, and ascending the flight of five steps which mark the original length of the church, and are doubtless placed across both choir and aisles to afford greater elevation to the crypt of St. Faith below, we come to a beautiful and original feature in a double arch borne on a slender central shaft, and inclosed in one great arch, beneath which is framed in the monument of the great Bishop Niger. Below an arcaded recess lies the stone coffin of the good Bishop, and an elegant and elaborate open parclose or screen rises above and forms part of the choir inclosure, on the base of which we read—

Ecclesiae quondam Presul presentis in anno  
M. bis C. quater X. jacet hic Rogerus humatus :  
Hujus erat manibus Domino locus iste dicatus :  
Christe suis precibus veniam des, tolle reatus.

But a few steps further, and on the line of the great high altar, which gleams through the slender screenwork, we come upon the lofty and elaborate monument of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and Blanche his first of three wives. His knightly effigy is clad in armour, and the cushions on which rest the heads of husband and wife are borne up by angels. The tomb itself is veiled by panelling and sculpture of the most delicate design, and the canopy stands over all on eight supports, which sustain a splendid composition of tabernacle-work all wrought in stone, running high up into the arch of the choir. We read the long inscription recording the proud roll of kings and princes who were the offspring of this nobleman, and look with interest on his long tilting lance, which he bore in many a lordly list, secured to the supports of the canopy and surmounted by his shield covered with plates of horn,<sup>37</sup> and his cap of maintenance crowned with his lion crest. A tablet hanging hard by this monument sets forth in large characters<sup>38</sup> the size and dimensions of this great church. Opposite to the monument of John of Gaunt, is thrown out beyond the line of the aisle walls the chantry of like elaborate style and character<sup>39</sup> built for the soul's health of John, Duke of Aquitaine and Lancaster. A step further, and the tomb of Ralph de Hengham, Chief Justice

<sup>37</sup> Dugdale, p. 47.

<sup>38</sup> Dugdale, p. 16.

<sup>39</sup> Dugdale, p. 37.

of Common Pleas in King Edward the First's reign, is before us. It stands behind the opened arcading, and is a great plate of brass, engraved with the effigy of the judge vested in his robes, standing beneath a canopy with his feet on a lion, the ground or field being diapered with the *Agnus Dei* and the sun. The inscription is curious and pithy—

Per versus patet hos, Anglorum quod jacet hic flos ;  
Legum qui tutu, dictavit vera statuta,  
Ex Hengham dictus Radulphus vir benedictus.

Many more of these brass monuments stud the pavement and gleam amidst their marble setting, engraved with wonderful skill and beauty, but we must fain pass them by, for now we enter on the retro-choir, with its Chapel of our Lady, and the shrine of the Blessed Erkenwald. We will turn to the latter first, as it is at our right hand, erected immediately at the back of the high altar screen, in its centre, and looking east. The marble pavement all about the tomb is worn with the knees of hundreds of pilgrims, as we have seen about the shrine of the glorious St. Alban at his Abbey. A *grille* of wrought iron tinned over,<sup>40</sup> rising to the height of 5 feet 10 inches, with a battlemented cornice, and a rich cresting of hammered fleurs-de-lys, and with carefully secured gates, incloses the shrine, for it is wondrous rich, and there are evil and greedy men about, as there ever have, and will be. A representation of Christ in His Majesty crowning our Blessed Lady, with angels and a choir of virgins all about, at once attracts our attention. It is marvellously wrought in silver and all gilt. The great statue of the holy St. Erkenwald is also of the same precious metal, gilt, and burnished. Incrusted in the framework of the altar and dossal not less than sixty-three beryls and crystals gleam with the reflection of the gilded metal, and round about this sumptuous shrine are delicate paintings on golden grounds, and eighteen statues or more, add to the splendour and glory of the work. The dossal rises above the altar with a steep gable, flanked by and grouped with pinnacles, and high above all is a great coronal set with stones and gilt, a worthy termination to this worthy shrine of so blessed a Saint.<sup>41</sup> Lights innumerable burn all around, and gifts and offerings are suspended about the shrine. We notice especially the great sapphire given by Richard de Preston, and said to have the virtue of healing infirmities in the eyes,<sup>42</sup> and the silver girdle of the Squire

<sup>40</sup> Dugdale, p. 112; Milman, p. 151. <sup>41</sup> Dugdale, pp. 113, 237. <sup>42</sup> Dugdale, p. 20.

of the Abbess of Barking, and the rings and jewels of Walter de Thorpe,<sup>43</sup> Canon of St. Paul's. Upon a hanging tablet hard by, is set forth the history of this great and saintly Bishop. Let us turn now to the east. Aglow with gorgeous and gemlike glass the great window—

Whence in hues of heaven  
Martyrs looked down, or Confessor, or Saint<sup>44</sup>

—stretches across the eastern width of the Lady Chapel and rising almost to the apex of the vaulting, forms the fitting termination of the great church. The immense rose which occupies its upper portion is a splendid composition of geometric forms, radiating from a central point. Immediately below is the Chapel of our Lady inclosed by screens, with the image of the Mother of God, the gift of Thomas Hatfield, Bishop of Durham,<sup>45</sup> and seven great tapers burning in front of it. On either hand are images of St. Laurence and St. John Baptist, and hard by that of St. Mary Magdalene. The super-altar is of jasper inclosed in a setting of richly wrought silver parcel gilt,<sup>46</sup> and the frontal is of rare workmanship stamped and woven with branchwork and animals.<sup>47</sup> On the walls is suspended an arras of golden ground with crimson birds upon branches, and peacocks between, a splendid work of the loom, given to the church for the soul of Lord Hugo of Vienna, A.D. 1296.<sup>48</sup> To the left of the Lady Chapel is the Chapel of St. George, richly fitted as becomes the chapel of the Patron of our land. On our right is the Chapel of St. Dunstan, and between it and the Lady Chapel is the tomb of Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, and one of the great benefactors of the church.<sup>49</sup> His sculptured effigy, clad in chain mail, with angels at his head and a lion at his feet, lies on a high tomb, all about which is set tabernacle work, and shields, and finely sculptured statues of weepers. At our feet, in the pavement, are two superb brass plates, one to Bishop Braybrook, whose effigy, clad in his vestments and mitre, stands beneath a triple canopy, with his arms and those of the City of London set into the marble, all engraved in brass, and another to Bishop Ralph de Baldok, with his portraiture also in brass, set into a goodly slab of marble.<sup>50</sup> At the upper end of the south aisle of the choir which we will now enter, near to the sacristy, we

<sup>43</sup> Dugdale, p. 28. <sup>44</sup> Aubrey de Vere, *Legends of Saxon Saints*, p. 221.

<sup>45</sup> Dugdale, p. 20. <sup>46</sup> Dugdale, p. 204. <sup>47</sup> Dugdale, p. 227.

<sup>48</sup> Dugdale, p. 224. <sup>49</sup> Dugdale, pp. 15, 47, 84. <sup>50</sup> Dugdale, p. 28.

come to the famous Chantry of St. John Baptist and St. Laurence, founded by Canon Roger de Waltham for his soul and the soul of Anthony Beck, Patriarch of Jerusalem and Bishop of Durham. Of all the oratories we have passed, none can approach to this for sumptuous and costly ornament. The door of the chantry is closed by a gate and a strong lock and key,<sup>51</sup> but we pass through, and for a moment are bewildered by the splendour of the sculpture, gilding, and colour, which adorn and cover roof and walls. The roof is painted with figures of our Lord, our Lady, many saints, and the celestial hierarchy about the altar. Statues of the patrons of the chantry fill the reredos, and the whole of the side-wall to the right is occupied by a "glorious tabernacle" inclosing a group of the Nativity of our Lord, whilst above in an upper niche is set the image of the Blessed Virgin with our Lord in her arms. A beam which crosses overhead bears in the centre another niche, under which sit the crowned images of our Lord and His Blessed Mother, and on either hand stand figures of SS. Katharine and Margaret. Not a space that is not sheeted with gold, or clothed with exquisite decorative paintings, the very light is tinted by the play and sheen of this vision of glory,<sup>52</sup> raised to the greater honour of our Lord, His Mother, and His saints, by the devout Canon whose tomb lies in the centre of the chapel. As we descend the aisle on leaving this chantry, we walk over a number of splendid brass plates. Canon Newcourt, with a double canopy, and the Apostles set about his effigy, and the Annunciation overhead; another unnamed brass, hardly less elaborate, hard by; Roger Brabazon and William Worsley, both Doctors of Canon Law, depicted in their robes and copes under triple canopies and set about with their coat armour, and inscriptions praying for their souls; and many other beautiful memorials of a like kind.<sup>53</sup> We must, however, stay for a moment to look on two monuments in this aisle, the first to Henry de Wengham, formerly Lord High Chancellor, but who died Bishop of London, after founding the Chantry of St. Michael, and whose effigy is sculptured here in his episcopal vestments, recumbent beneath a trilobed canopy; and Eustace de Fauconbrigge, Bishop of London, who in mitre and bearing his crozier, is here sculptured beneath a finely carved canopy, and much delicate ornamentation of leafage and tracery adorning his tomb. So by more chantries and

<sup>51</sup> Dugdale, p. 232.<sup>52</sup> Dugdale, pp. 29, 30.<sup>53</sup> Hollar, pp. 75, 80.

monuments, all minding us by their pious inscriptions to pray for the souls of those who have gone before, we once more bow to the great Rood, and passing beneath the screen, stand within the Choir. Right and left, with many a canopy and shaft and pinnacle, with many a wreath of foliage bound as it were into capitals, as lying in the hollows of cornices, with the sweep of the stall elbows, and the long lines of the massive book-rests, all carved and framed in dark oak, with broad shadows, and bright gleams of light catching salient points, stretch for four bays of the choir the Stalls. Above each stall is written the name of a prebendary and a scripture taken from the Psalms.<sup>54</sup> Many a Gradual and a Psalterium lie upon the desks with great knobs of brass in their oak boards, or delicate illuminations on their open pages. To the left is the Organ filling the arch above the stalls, the pipes and inclosing doors finely gilt and painted. Then across the choir is drawn the great gleaming flight of marble steps corresponding to those we mounted in the aisle, and just beyond, advance, for a certain space on either hand, two tall screens marking more definitely the *presbyterium* or sanctuary, from the *chorus* or choir. To the east of these screens the grouped arches we saw from the aisle, and described over the tomb of Bishop Niger, appear with their summits filled with tracery and tabernacle-work inclosing images. So the eye is led on, till, with the great east window far beyond, and backed up by the screen which crosses the extremity of the sanctuary, the great high altar—the Holy of Holies—is revealed to us. High betwixt the marble floor and the vaulted roof hangs the Most Blessed Sacrament, in a silver gilt pix beaten into marvellous forms with lions and dragons, on which the Lord of Hosts shall trample, as the Psalmist sings, suspended in mid air by chains of silver.<sup>55</sup> Below is the precious dossal, like a great tablet of gilt metal work, thickly encrusted with stones, and bands of enamels, with many a saintly image, chased and burnished, set upon this splendid field. Two lofty shafts rise on either side, bearing up a canopy, and a pair of folding doors of wood covered with curious pictures, are set to inclose and protect this glorious work of piety and handicraft.<sup>56</sup>

The altar itself is vested in a splendidly embroidered frontal, with the Crucifixion, our Lady, and St. John in the centre, SS. Peter and Paul at the extremities, and various coat armours

<sup>54</sup> Dugdale, p. 253.

<sup>55</sup> Dugdale, p. 199.

<sup>56</sup> Dugdale, p. 15.

betwixt, the gift of John of St. Clare.<sup>57</sup> A gorgeous arras clothes the sides of the altar-screen with gilded peacocks, and deer spotted with gold, woven into the fabric, the gift of John le Chaufer for the soul's health of his spouse Alice.<sup>58</sup> On the altar lies the Missal bound in plates of beaten silver with the Majesty and four Evangelists;<sup>59</sup> the crucifix, with a relic of the true Cross and angels, the cross terminating in great stones of ruby colour;<sup>60</sup> and great silver candlesticks with gilded knobs and feet wrought into the forms of various animals.<sup>61</sup> Hard by the altar to the right hand is the picture of the great patron of this Cathedral—St. Paul—wonderfully painted, and set into a beautiful tabernacle of carved woodwork.<sup>62</sup> We would tarry before this splendid tribute of faith, and generosity, and of art enlightened and encouraged by religion, for long, but time presses, and we must, at the sacrist's invitation, visit the Treasury for a brief space. As it is, we have passed numerous objects well worthy of devout admiration, over sixteen chantry altars, each with their furniture, sculptured and emblazoned statues; superb hangings of arras and bandekins, from oriental looms; hanging lamps and coronæ,—in a word, all that can be used for the beauty and adornment of God's House.

In the Sacristy, ranged in great ambries, with doors painted or covered with scroll hinges, beaten into the most graceful curves, we see first the wonderful collection of forty-five complete sets of vestments, almost all the gifts of former Bishops of London, Deans, Vicars of St. Paul's, and of pious laymen. It would be impossible to describe all that has been here produced by exquisite design and skill in embroidery, as one by one they were passed before our gaze. Stay—here is the vestment of Bishop de Wengham, fashioned of Indian samite, embroidered with a picture of our Lord and six Apostles on one side in a great circle, and on the other side with the Blessed Virgin, with the other six Apostles on the humeral in feather work, and with fifteen shields wrought in gold, silver, and silk, with birds and roses in the border. The stole and maniple are in the most costly work with roses interchanged with knots in gold and silver, and with fretted knots at the extremities of gold and silver thread. Here again is the suit of Henry of Northampton, of red samite, embroidered with lions, serpents, flying eagles, and fishes, scattered over the field, which is dotted

<sup>57</sup> Dugdale, p. 217.

<sup>60</sup> Dugdale, p. 236.

<sup>58</sup> Dugdale, p. 225.

<sup>61</sup> Dugdale, p. 199.

<sup>59</sup> Dugdale, p. 202.

<sup>62</sup> Dugdale, p. 15.

with white and black spots ; the stole and maniple of the same stuff, with lions broidered in circles, the ends inscribed " Uriel " and " Barachus."<sup>63</sup> Then, one by one, two hundred and sixteen copes, are turned over before us, in the great chests, including twenty six for the choir boys, almost all of them of rich stuffs and with embroidered orphreys and hoods.<sup>64</sup> Forty-eight chasubles, some richly set with precious stones and plaques of enamels, of oriental fabrics, and wonderful embroidery. Thirty-one tunics and dalmatics, no less costly and beautiful, stoles and maniples, mitres, and amices, carpets and hangings, till one can look no more. But the sacristan will not let us leave till we have looked even hastily at the church plate, and venerated the relics. Here, arranged in separate ambries are the furnitures of each of the seventeen or more altars in the Cathedral, for each a chalice, cruets, candlesticks, &c., complete. Then there are the five gold and seven silver chalices belonging to the Cathedral ;<sup>65</sup> the twelve Books of the Holy Gospels, bound in plates of silver, engraved, beaten up, set with precious stones, or adorned with *niello*.<sup>66</sup> There are twenty-eight morses of copes, some of marvellous beauty and workmanship, set with great stones and pearls, with wrought and chased imagery of exquisite skill. Seventeen crucifixes of precious metals, gemmed and engraved ; amongst them, one of strange foreign design and workmanship, representing the Crucifixion and the Blessed Virgin, partly engraved in silver plates, inclosing a portion of precious wood, and inscribed in Greek characters.<sup>67</sup> Besides these objects we see thuribles, and boats for incense, silver basins, croziers, horns and cups, and the mazer bowl of St. Erkenwald, combs, and folding-seats, cushions, and holy water vats, all adorned according to their use, all gifts to God's service and the beauty of His House. Once more with special reverence, and not before two tapers are lighted in front of the great iron-bound doors, does the sacristan undo the locks of the ambrie which contains the Relics. It would be quite impossible to give our readers a detailed account, either of the holy relics or their precious reliquaries. We can only describe one or two of the most precious and most remarkable. Here is the *chef* or head of the blessed St. Athelbert, King and Martyr, inclosed in a gilded bust of silver, and bearing a crown set about with sixteen great stones, and in the flowers of the crown four

<sup>63</sup> Dugdale, pp. 210, 211.      <sup>64</sup> Dugdale, p. 205.      <sup>65</sup> Dugdale, p. 201.

<sup>66</sup> Dugdale, p. 202.      <sup>67</sup> Dugdale, pp. 201, 236.

stones, and on the right shoulder a clasp attaching a *pallium*, all begemmed. Then we look with veneration on the jaw of St. Ethelbert, Confessor and founder of St. Paul's; there are four teeth remaining, and the whole is inclosed in a parcel gilt case with three great stones, four of middling size, and ten smaller ones, all of great price, and on the upper part are two crystal knobs. There are relics of the most Blessed Mother of God and of St. John the Evangelist, of the great St. Martin of Tours, of St. Walburg the Virgin, and of St. Thomas the Martyr, of SS. Oswald, Alban, and Dunstan, of St. Mellitus, and of many other of God's servants.

But the doors of the ambrie were closed, the tapers extinguished, and this vision of splendour and glory fades away, as fades the glory and splendour of St. Paul's with the coming of evil times, and as the darkness of heresy succeeds the light of faith.

GEORGE GOLDIE.

## *Legends of the Saxon Saints.*<sup>1</sup>

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IN our last number we introduced to the readers of this Review the work of a German poet which we considered an important accession to modern Christian literature. We have now to bring under their notice the work of a native poet on which we can cordially bestow the same praise. Mr. de Vere's latest volume represents what, in our judgment, is the highest order of Christian poetry. It is not a collection of devout verses, mere outpourings of pious emotion. These, too, are Christian poetry, but they belong to what we will venture to call its lowest type. They hold towards a work such as Mr. de Vere's the relation which a volume of ballads holds towards the epic.

Christianity is a potent spiritual power. It exerts a vigorous influence upon the human soul; not only controls its intellectual energies, but also profoundly affects its passions. The study of the action of this power on the purely intellectual faculties is hardly within the poet's province; but the study of its action on the various forms of human passion offers him a legitimate and a noble field of labour. Mr. de Vere has understood this, and herein he has been more fortunate than most contemporary English poets. Unlike them, he has been able, under the guidance of a Christian inspiration, to find a theme worthy of his power over our English speech. He does not waste a flood of choice metaphors and dazzling conceits upon subjects which in themselves are trivial and commonplace. He does not robe plebeian thoughts in an attire of kingly words. His first merit is that he has chosen a theme not unworthy the poet's art; his second merit is that he has executed his task in a manner not unworthy this choice.

It is a strange coincidence that the *Legends of the Saxon Saints* and the poem *Dreizehnlinden* should have been published almost simultaneously. The aim of both is the same, to put

<sup>1</sup> *Legends of the Saxon Saints.* By Aubrey de Vere. London: Kegan, Paul, and Co., 1879.

before us the Saxon character in its first contact with Christianity. If we might compare the pictures traced by the two poets we should say that Herr Weber's tracings are the more touching, Mr. de Vere's the more majestic. *Dreizehnlinden* introduces us to the Saxon race crushed by a power which preached the Gospel by right of conquest. The missionaries of the new faith had come in the train of Charlemagne's irresistible armies, and it was long before the vanquished could discern in the doctrines preached to them a virtue which was meant to save rather than a system invented to teach them to obey. They struggled against the religion of the invader, as they struggled against the legislation he imposed upon them. They could not be reached by Christianity till they had sacrificed not alone their attachment to the national superstitions, but also their hate of the national foe. A struggle against oppression in any form appeals strongly to the sympathy of the reader, and thus we can find in the picture of the Westphalian Saxon slowly and grudgingly yielding to the influence of Christianity, much that is pathetic as well as much that is heroic. But the pathetic element is wanting in the picture presented by the Saxon of England, confident in his strength and proud of his conquests, grateful to Odin for victories he has won over the Britons, and involving in the same contempt the people he had subdued and the gods they had worshipped. To these men religion could not be preached in virtue of a right won by the sword, nor could it be carried as a message of consolation in the midst of suffering and disaster. There was but one way in which it could impress them. It should overawe them by its majesty, by the solemnity of its rites, by the strange and mysterious pomp of its observances, and most of all by the character of its apostles. The influences which affected the conversion of the Saxon lords of Britain were mainly of that kind which Mr. de Vere has so well described in the case of Ethelbert.

Augustine rose

And took the right hand of King Ethelbert,  
And placed therein the Standard's staff, and laid  
His own above the monarch's, speaking thus :  
King of this land, I bid thee know from God  
That kings have higher privilege than they know,  
The standard-bearers of the King of kings.

Long time he clasped that royal hand ; long time  
The King, that Patriarch's hand at last withdrawn,  
His own withdrew not from that Standard's staff

Committed to his charge. His hand he deemed  
Thenceforth its servant vowed. With large meek eyes  
Fixed on that Maid and Babe, he stood as child  
That, gazing on some reverent stranger's face,  
Nor loosening from that stranger's hold his palm,  
Listens his words attent.

In this and similar passages we have, it seems to us, the key to a right appreciation of Mr. de Vere's work. We can readily imagine a hasty critic condemning his pictures of that rude age as wanting in that warmth of colouring with which human passion is wont to be painted. We can conceive a hasty reader accusing them of a certain monotonous stateliness, altogether foreign to the reality they represent. But criticism of this kind would be more than unjust. It is the object of the writer to paint human passion, but to paint it tempered and subdued by the influence of religion. There is much variety in the themes he selects, but the same specific ideal is discernible throughout. We have before us rough and rugged natures in various moods of soul, but they are presented to us as conquered, or refined, or chastened by the agency of faith. Everywhere, too, this faith is presented to us in the same aspect—overawing by its mysterious majesty, breaking down prejudice and distrust by the bold dignity with which it claims homage. This was unavoidable if the historical lines of Anglo-Saxon character were to be preserved. To conceive those men who feared no enemy in life, and dreaded no punishment after death, who inflicted suffering without remorse and bore it without complaining ; to conceive such men overcome by appeals to their fears, or moved by any play upon their gentler sympathies, is impossible. The grace of faith apart, they were accessible chiefly through that sense of awe which generally accompanies true heroism ; and to touch this sense, religion should encounter them in her majesty rather than her tenderness. Augustine, invited to meet Ethelbert, displays all the sacred pomp he could command, in order to impress with a sense of his Divine mission the Monarch and his train.

In raiment white, circling a rocky point,  
O'er sands still glistening with a tide far-ebbed,  
On drew, preceded by a silver cross,  
A long procession. Music, as it moved,  
Floated on sea-winds inland, deadened now  
By thickets, echoed now from cliff or cave :  
Ere long before them that procession stood.

Penance has its majesty, as well as pompous ritual, and faith in penitential garb is not less imposing than in its garments of ceremony. Oswy, King of Bernicia, "a man of storms," had slain Oswin of Dëira, a prince "young, beauteous, brave," who had waited unarmed the attack of his enemy rather than lead his people to a hopeless conflict. The murdered prince was buried—

At the mouth of Tyne  
Within a wave-girt, granite promontory  
Where sea and river meet,

the murderer lived, and profited by his sin. In silence and tears, near the spot where the crime had been committed, Eanfleda, wife of Oswy, did penance for her husband's guilt—

What gentlest form kneels on the rain-washed ground  
From Gelling's keep a stone's-throw? Whose those hands  
Now pressed in anguish on a bursting heart,  
Now o'er a tearful countenance spread in shame?  
What purest mouth, but roseless for great woe,  
With zeal to youthful lovers never known  
Presses a new-made grave, and through the blades  
Of grass wind-shaken breathes her piteous prayer?  
Save from remorse came ever grief like hers?  
Yet how could ever sin, or sin's remorse,  
Find such fair mansion?

There as she knelt  
A strong foot clanged behind her. "Weeping still!  
Up, wife of mine! If Oswin had not died  
His gracious ways had filched from me my realm,  
The base so loved his meekness!" Turning not  
She answered low: "He died an unarmed man."  
And Oswy: "Fool that fought not when he might;  
At least his slaughtered troop had decked his grave.  
I scorned him for his grief that men should die;  
And, scorning him, I hated; yea, for that  
His blood is on my sword!"

And yet the woman's patient sorrow subdues to repentance that remorseless scornful soul—

One winter night  
From distant chase belated he returned,  
And passed by Oswin's grave. The snow, new-fallen,  
Whitened the precinct. In the blast she knelt,  
While coldly glared the broad and bitter moon  
Upon those flying flakes that on her hair  
Settled, or on her thin, light raiment clung.  
She heard him not draw nigh. She only beat

Her breast, and, praying, wept : "Our sin, our sin!"  
There as the monarch stood a change came o'er him :  
Old, exiled days in Alba as a dream  
Redawned upon his spirit, and that look  
In Aidan's eyes when, binding first that cross  
Long by his pupil craved, around his neck,  
He whispered : "He who serveth Christ, his Lord,  
Must love his fellow-man." As when a stream,  
The ice dissolved, grows audible once more,  
So came to him those words. They dragged him down :  
He knelt beside his wife, and beat his breast,  
And said, "My sin, my sin!"

Thus it is throughout the whole series of these "Legends." The manly souls of the founders of the English nation are won by those manifestations of faith which most excite reverence and awe. Those stern conquerors possessed in a high degree the virtues which prepare men to pay homage to what is truly great, and through their faculty of reverence they were saved—

A race whose fierceness had its touch of ruth ;  
Brave, cordial, chaste, and simple. Reverence  
That race preserved ; reverence advanced to love.

On these men the outward tokens of inward sanctity had a magic power, they recognized in them the near presence of that spiritual world which savage men can often more readily apprehend than races more highly civilized—

There Aidan lived, and wafted, issuing thence,  
O'er wilds Bernician and fierce battle-fields  
The strength majestic of his still retreat,  
The puissance of a soul whose home was God.  
"What man is this," the warriors asked, "that moves  
Unarmed among us ; lifts his crucifix,  
And says, 'Ye swords, lie prone?'" The revelling crew  
Rose from their cups : "He preaches abstinence ;  
Behold, the man is mortified himself ;  
The moonlight of his watchings and his fasts  
He carries on his face."

In natures accessible to these lofty influences repentance comes suddenly and with vehemence. Strong passions lead them into sin, there is something passionate also in their repentance. It is interesting to study the action of supernatural forces on those rough impulsive hearts. The study will explain to us much that is unaccountable in the sinfulness of our own times. We shall begin to understand that no age is further from grace than that in which the passions are deadened by indulgence. We shall realize better the fact that for most men

religious truth is more readily grasped by the emotional than by the purely intellectual faculties, and we shall learn that when the emotional faculties have been paralyzed or perverted by persistent sin, the widest avenue to grace has been closed. It was in the days of which Mr. de Vere is the poet as it is now. Those fresh impetuous natures were keenly sensitive to the higher spiritual impulses, and were generous in atonement as they had been hasty to offend. Eadbald, King of Kent, at the instigation of his wicked Queen, had persecuted the Church, and Lawrence, the Bishop, had fled from the persecution. The exile reaches Canterbury, and passed the night of his arrival in prayer before the tomb of Ethelbert, the Protector of the Church. When worn out by his vigil he sinks to sleep upon the pavement, the Prince of the Apostles appears to him in a vision, and bids him, in gentle speech, take courage and return to his charge. The old man is seized with remorse for his weakness, and snatching up a scourge, tears his lean shoulders in self-punishment. At noon on the following day he presents himself before King Eadbald, and tells the story of his vision and his penance. To satisfy himself of the truth of the tale, the monarch orders his attendants to tear the robe from the shoulders of the Bishop. At sight of the traces of that self-inflicted chastisement, repentance overtakes the King—

A time it was  
 Of swift transitions. Hearts how proud soe'er.  
 Made not that boast—consistency in sin,  
 Though dark and rough accessible to grace  
 As earth to vernal showers. With hands hard-clenched  
 The King upstarted. Then his voice rung out :  
 " Beware who gave ill-counsel to their King !  
 The royal countenance is against them set,  
 Ill merchants trafficking with his lesser moods !  
 Does any say the King wrought well of late,  
 Warring on Christ, and chasing hence his priests ?  
 The man that lies shall die ! This day, once more  
 I ratify my father's oath and mine,  
 To keep the Church in peace ; and though I swear  
 To push God's monks from yonder monastery  
 And lodge therein the horses of the Queen,  
 Those horses, and the ill-persuading Queen,  
 Shall flee my kingdom, and the monks abide !  
 Brave work ye worked, my loose-kneed Witena,  
 This day, Christ's portion yielding to my wrath !

This is, as a rule, the burden of the legends that Mr. de Vere tells in his stately graceful verses—the fierce moods of half-

civilized men charmed to meekness by the power of religion. We know no worthier theme for a poet's pen. It is praise worthy of Mr. de Vere to say that he has treated this theme with the grace of thought and dignity of language which befitted it, and this praise none who read his book will refuse him.

We have selected for special comment what seemed to us the most attractive feature of his work. But it would be unjust to dwell only on the poet's treatment of those subjects which most impress ourselves. There are others—subjects in themselves of lesser moment—on which he has expended a great wealth of poetic art, and from which he has formed pictures of rare and touching beauty. Let us take as an example of this class, the legend of Ceadmon the Cowherd. From our school days we have been familiar with the story. Our earliest "Handbook of English Literature" told us how the poor cowherd, mortified that he could not sing the praises of God, withdrew from the society of his more favoured companions to lament his misfortune in secret, and how a celestial vision came to him in sleep and bestowed upon him the coveted gift of song.

As he slept,  
Beside him stood a Man Divine, and spake :  
"Ceadmon, arise, and sing." Ceadmon replied,  
"My Lord, I cannot sing, and for that cause  
Forth from the revel came I."

But the vision again bade him sing, and the effort to obey discovered to him the wondrous power of which he had become possessed. In Mr. De Vere's version of the legend, the poet thus miraculously endowed is led before Hilda, Abbess of Whitby, to exhibit his marvellous gift. In the convent hall he sings to her and to her guests his song of the creation, and the noble company is captivated by his inspired measures.

Lifting hands,  
Once more his lordly music he rehearsed,  
The void abyss at God's command forth-flinging  
Creation like a Thought : where night had reigned,  
The universe of God.

The singing stars  
Which with the angels sang when earth was made  
Sang in his song. From highest shrill of lark  
To ocean's moaning under cliffs low-browed,  
And roar of pine-woods on the storm-swept hills,  
No tone was wanting ; while to them that heard

Strange images looked forth of worlds new-born,  
 Fair, phantom mountains, and, with forest plumed  
 Heaven-topping headlands, for the first time glassed  
 In waters ever calm. O'er sapphire seas  
 Green islands laughed. Fairer, the wide earth's flower,  
 Eden, on airs unshaken yet by sighs,  
 From bosom still inviolate forth poured  
 Immortal sweets that sense to spirit turned.  
 In part those noble listeners *made* that song !  
 Their flashing eyes, their hands, their heaving breasts,  
 Tumult self-stilled, and mute, expectant trance,  
 'Twas these that gave their bard his twofold might—  
 That might denied to poets later born  
 Who, singing to soft brains and hearts ice-hard,  
 Applauded or contemned, alike roll round  
 A vainly-seeking eye, and, famished, drop  
 A hand clay-cold upon the unechoing shell,  
 Missing their inspiration's human half.

Thus Ceadmon sang, and ceased. Silent awhile  
 The concourse stood, for all had risen, as though  
 Waiting from Heaven its echo. Each on each  
 Gazed hard and caught his hands. Fiercely ere long  
 Their gratulating shout aloft had leaped,  
 But Hilda laid her finger on her lip,  
 Or provident lest praise might stain the pure,  
 Or deeming song a gift too high for praise.

With this extract we shall close our quotations. We have directed our attention mainly to the nature of the themes which Mr. de Vere has chosen, and to the point of view from which he has studied them. We dispense ourselves from commenting on the manner in which he has put his studies into words. Mr. de Vere has long since taken his place among the acknowledged masters of the poetic art. We have come to take it for granted that when he writes his writings will display all the graces of language which belong to the expression of refined and noble thoughts. In his case it has ceased to be praise to say that his writings satisfy the rules of art. We therefore pass over these merits of his work which are due to mere skill in the use of words. These perfections it shares with the works of lesser men. We have chosen to dwell only on those points in which Mr. de Vere rises above most of his contemporaries. Every reader will discover in his book the work of a mind rarely endowed with the poetic faculty, and in which the gift of nature has been exquisitely cultivated by study. For ourselves we would go further, and see in it the work of a mind which owes much to nature and to study, but which owes its last perfection

and its highest power to that Christian spirit of which it has so nobly written. We would recognize in the volume before us that spirit of faith to which the works of Dante, of Tasso, and of Corneille owe their imperishable charm.

To all in whom that spirit lives in any shape, and who seek to diffuse it, we commend this volume. To those also we commend it who are concerned for the purity and perfection of our English school of poetry, to those who would resist the introduction of doubtful foreign models amongst us, who would exact from the poet something more than prettiness of speech and pleasantly jingling rhymes, and who would insist that graces of language should not be used to parade the versemaker's trivial fantasies, his petty spites, or his pettier wantonness.

## *Distinguished Incendiaries of the Commune.<sup>1</sup>*

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THERE can be no doubt that the total destruction of Paris with dynamite had been frequently discussed, if not in part prepared, as a fitting conclusion of the reign of the Commune, and that men were not wanting to do the deed. When, in May, 1871, the placards of the London daily papers paraded before all eyes the startling intelligence, PARIS IN FLAMES, there were many readers who believed in all seriousness that the long-foretold day of doom had come at last to the wicked city. The announcement was certainly an exaggeration, but only because the madmen who had ruled Paris for two months could not carry out in full their evil wishes. If Paris survived, it was not their fault. By one way or another, with dynamite or with petroleum, they intended to destroy what they could no longer hold. In the perpetration of crime, the leaders of the Commune had never flinched as long as time and free space were at their disposal. As early as the 14th of May, 1871, Jules Vallès, editor of the *Cri du Peuple*, declared in his journal that all measures had been taken for preventing the entrance of hostile troops into Paris. "The forts may be captured one after another, the ramparts may fall. Not a man of the enemy shall pass into Paris. If M. Thiers knows anything of chemistry he will catch our meaning. Let the army of Versailles rest assured that Paris will suffer all things rather than surrender." Although the preparations were not so near completion as the editor asserted, his words were not an empty threat. In all probability, Paris is largely indebted for its preservation from the flames to the quick advance of the French army, which marched upon the city at an unexpectedly early date. Petroleum was at best but a poor substitute for dynamite, but even in all the hurry of a surprise, and in spite of the engrossing character of the actual conflict, enough damage was done with

<sup>1</sup> *Les Convulsions de Paris.* Maxime Du Camp.

the less formidable combustible to give earnest of what might have been accomplished under more favourable circumstances.

So little did the Communists expect the attack at the precise moment when it came, that there were then positively no barricades at all erected along the river on the south, as we learn on good authority.

"I have before me," says M. Du Camp, "an account, manifestly truthful, written by a *concierge* of the Rue de Lille, not only a witness, but a victim also, of the events which he narrates, for the house of which he had charge was burned down. From four o'clock to eight in the morning, the poor man wanders about the streets, meeting the disordered crowd of the revolutionary forces; he hurries to the Corps Législatif, conceals himself behind the parapet, casts his eyes towards the Champs-Elysées, catches the sound of some firing in that direction, his hopes of a final deliverance rise high, but only to settle down into despair, when he becomes aware that our troops are massing upon the Arc de Triomphe instead of pushing forward. 'If only,' he remarks, 'the liberators of Paris could have known then what I knew; if I could but have sent them word at eight o'clock that morning of what was going on under my eyes, we should have been saved: two hundred cavalry would have easily dispersed the broken mob and cleared the streets, for in all the Faubourg Saint-Germain and as far as the Hôtel de Ville not one barricade existed.'

"This is strictly and sadly true; all the interior defensive works in that quarter of the city were hastily constructed in the early part of Monday, the 22nd of May, between eight in the morning and two in the afternoon. The barricades, which the insurgents were thus permitted to erect in the course of that day, had to be in the sequel either turned or stormed. Many hours were lost in these operations, and when at length on the morning of the 24th, our troops gained possession, it was only to find an open furnace in front of them, for the flames were spreading on all sides."

"General" Eudes,<sup>2</sup> who united in a remarkable degree the usually distinct qualifications of knave and fool, had assuredly improved the respite to some purpose. He deserves the credit of activity, if we may judge by the amount of burning which

<sup>2</sup> He escaped to London, where he proposed to his admirers various plans for the regeneration of France, in all of which the one essential element was that he himself should be invested with dictatorial powers.

he was able to effect at so short a notice. That brief delay was highly disastrous to Paris. A longer delay might well have proved ruinous.

The care of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, or, in other words, the work of facilitating the destruction of that portion of the city was eagerly accepted by two independent central agencies, acting without any previous arrangement or official communication, but with all the unanimity which comes from singleness of purpose and definiteness of aim. Theodore Benoist, a publican had installed himself in the mayoralty house in the Rue de Grenelle, under a commission which gave him authority to search any house in the district at his discretion. He seemed to consider himself sole and irresponsible proprietor of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, and was the terror of all its more respectable inhabitants. He felt that his high office carried certain duties with it, and that the defence (that is, the destruction) of that part of Paris naturally, without further orders, devolved upon him. On the morning of the 22nd of May, he sent a messenger to the Hôtel de Ville, bearing a despatch which ran thus: "Citizens, we are *à la mairie du septième*, some guards and I; our chiefs have forsaken us. I made the proposal to erect barricades at two o'clock this morning at the end of the Rue de Grenelle and the Rue Saint-Dominique. The Colonel (?) answered that he had received no instructions. The people needs no instructions, when it has to defend itself."

The other centre of resistance in the Faubourg Saint-Germain was at the Palais de la Légion d'Honneur in the Rue de Lille. Eudes and Mégy directed operations. Sixty casks of petroleum stood in the courtyard of the palace, and the cellars were well stored with gunpowder to make assurance surer. All the night of the 22nd was passed by the insurgents in satanic merrymaking. Mégy in drunken frolic ran about the house of the Count de Chabrol dancing and shouting, and when he was tired of that undignified amusement, sat down and gravely issued his orders and distributed military appointments. An old servant of the Count, irritated by the profanation of his master's dwelling, made some remarks less flattering than the brave Mégy cared to hear, and was by his orders handed over to justice, and shot on the spot. On the next day, the 23rd of May, it became evident to even the dull wits of that drunken horde that they could no longer hold their position in the Rue de Lille. The only course which still promised

glory to Eudes and Mégy was to withdraw themselves in lightning and thunder. The lurid glare of burning streets would throw a halo round their forced retreat, and the deafening roar of a sublime explosion would be their best applause. They were not altogether successful, but they spoke in later days with conscious pride of the great example which they had given to the rest of Paris. A barrel of gunpowder was rolled into the Council Chamber. The painted staircase, the walls with their pictures of great price, were washed with petroleum, and it was poured along the floor in pailfuls. The adjacent buildings were treated in like manner by organized bands of incendiaries, who returned ever and anon to refresh their supplies of petroleum at the never-failing fountain-head, for the store in the courtyard of the palace was equal to the occasion. A brave man in the service of the palace, Rochaix by name, was all the while an earnest spectator from behind the scenes, and as he watched the progress of the work of mischief, he asked himself anxiously if it might not yet be possible to avert the threatened calamity.

About six o'clock in the evening all was declared to be ready. Mégy passed the word to "General" Eudes, who was prancing about on his charger, as vain as Murat but by no means as brave. Slowly, and with studied elegance, for it was the preconcerted signal, the hero lifted his sword, and the clarion made reply. An officer in front of the palace fired his revolver into the stream of petroleum, which was flowing along the gutter. The flame ran quickly within the palace which, as Eudes and his *Enfants Perdus* marched along the quay to gain the Hôtel de Ville, sent up to the sky a "black hurricane" of smoke. When they were in safety they waited long but vainly for the desired explosion. It came not, and this was the reason. The troops had no sooner moved away than Rochaix darted forth from his hiding-place, and ran in hot haste to the house of a friend, M. Cartier, who lived at No. 97 in the doomed Rue de Lille, having been left with the other residents by their chivalrous fellow-citizens, Eudes and Mégy, to the tender mercies of gunpowder with lighted petroleum above it. These two friends, with admirable coolness and splendid devotion, penetrated into the cellars beneath the burning building and, assisted surely by a special Providence, actually succeeded in removing the great mass of the gunpowder before the flames could reach down to it through the solid masonry. A little

honest indignation mingles with M. Du Camp's praise of these gallant men :

Dans cette insupportable histoire de la Commune dont j'ai entrepris de raconter quelques épisodes, ce qui console, ce qui rassérène l'esprit fatigué par la succession de tant de crimes imbéciles, c'est le spectacle du dévouement, du devoir simplement accompli, donné par des hommes humbles et tranquillement valeureux, qui ne se doutent même pas qu'ils ont été des héros. Toutes les fois que j'en ai eu l'occasion, j'ai signalé ceux que j'ai pu découvrir, sans nul bénéfice pour eux, je le constate avec douleur ; mais combien qui se sont admirablement comportés pendant ces jours maudits, resteront à jamais ignorés et n'auront pour toute récompense que le souvenir de leur belle action ! (p. 131.)

Others were busy as well as Rochaix and Cartier. While they were averting the explosion, hired incendiaries were still engaged in spreading the conflagration. The two companion-villains, Mégy's servant and friend, Decamp, a slater by trade, who, perhaps for the reason that it had been his business in peaceful times to make houses secure against wind and weather, now with desire to undo his former deeds came to the front for the first time, when his master needed the services of a zealous house-destroyer, and, along with him, Eudes' attendant Spahi, or "negro," as he was generally called, having a soul yet darker than his face, after having done their worst at the Palais de la Légion d'Honneur and the adjacent houses, turned their attention to the remoter parts of the same Rue de Lille, that not a house might remain erect, or a human being be left alive, if they could help it, in the Faubourg Saint-Germain. They were assisted by six veritable fiends, the women, Masson, Suétens, Rétiffe, Marchais, Papavoine, Bocquin, as well as by many stragglers from the *Enfants Perdus*, who stayed behind when their comrades marched away. The north side of the street was already burning fiercely, and amid the shouting of men and shrieking of women and children, and cries for mercy on all sides : "Spare us!" "Pity on my children!" "Do not burn down my house!" the incendiaries, knowing that the time was short, passed quickly from house to house on the southern side, beating in the doors and scattering petroleum, till from the Rue de Bourgogne to the Rue de Beaune there was an avenue of flame. It was like the mouth of Hell. The scene before the fire had gained undisputed sway, must have been terrible. In answer to an appeal from a frantic mother

a soldier of the milder sort was heard to say mournfully: "Madame! don't you see it's the end of the world?" House after house was committed to the flames with a method in the madness. First came the cry of agonized friends to the loiterers within: "Down, down, at once, they are burning everything!" and in a few minutes more the fire was forcing its way inside. A splashing of petroleum, a lighted match, or a shot from a pistol, and the mischief was begun. Eudes' blackamoor grinned complacently the while. He looked, in good earnest, like the natural denizen of such a tartarus. His women accomplices addressed him as "black devil," and he did not resent the allusion. The next day the poor wretch was caught by a patrol party. His clothes, reeking with petroleum, might have betrayed his guilt, if he had cared to conceal it, but he was far from such cowardice. He recounted his exploits with evident pride. And there and then met his well-earned fate. For such a criminal there could be no acquittal according to any interpretation of human justice.

A Protestant clergyman, M. Rouville, was the owner of one of the houses in the unfortunate Rue de Lille. He stood on guard at the front door, and showed so bold a front to the despoilers that he extorted their admiration, and for some space of time was not molested. Before long, however, a bevy of hot-headed youths in uniform, "a party of inspection," as they would probably have styled themselves, dashed along the street. One house conspicuously untouched! "What does this mean?" they said to the gallant little man. He was eloquent we may be sure, *Cicero pro domo sua*; but they gave scant heed to rhetoric. "You are only an old *rêac*. You had better stop talking, or we'll pin you up against that wall." An old sergeant came to the rescue with an adroit fabrication. "I have orders not to carry the fire beyond this point." "Show us the order." "It was not on paper." The sergeant maintained his assertion stoutly. The dispute was interrupted by a mounted messenger, who clattered up the street, and gave the word to effect a retreat at once. The young officers obeyed, and the sergeant begged the reverend gentleman to follow their example, urging strongly that it was of little use to save his property if he lost his life. But as wife and children were safe elsewhere the intrepid *pasteur* chose to stay. He had made up his mind, and would not flinch from his purpose. Other officers arrived, and when the sergeant resisted their orders, carried him off with them.

Still the sentinel would not depart. For half-an-hour he held his ground single-handed against all attempts, using alternate prayers and threats. Then the sergeant came back with tears in his eyes and a written order in his hands. He could not long resist the pleading of the man of prayer for the house which he had guarded so long and lovingly. Grace prevailed; the old soldier nobly disobeyed. "They will shoot me for it, I know; in any case I must die, and I will not let your house be burned." *Voyez (ajoute-t-il, en me montrant le ciel étoilé), moi, je crois en Dieu! . . . On me fusillera, mais je dois mourir. Petit père, ne craignez rien! Je veillerai, j'éloignerai les pillards.*<sup>3</sup> He kept his word faithfully. M. Rouville, who after three hours of heroic defence had been carried away to a place of comparative safety, returned the next day to see what remained of the Rue de Lille, and to his joy beheld erect and undamaged that house now more than ever dear. M. Du Camp has not been able to discover the after-fate of the noble-hearted, God-fearing sergeant. It is too likely that he perished nameless in the *melée*.

Meantime "General Eudes," who bore a charmed life, continued to issue tremendous mandates from a distance, being not less discreet than valorous. He sent orders to Garreau to hold himself in readiness to blow up the prison of Mazas. He sent orders in all directions to fire upon the Bank, the Bourse, the Tuilleries, the Place Vendome, nor did the list end there. He was not allowed to keep all the glory or even the greater portion to himself, for Paris could better spare the Rue de Lille than the Palace of the Tuilleries, and in the ruin wrought upon the northern bank of the Seine Eudes played a very secondary part. None other than "Bergeret himself,"<sup>4</sup> could worthily accomplish that great work.

The Palace of the Tuilleries, waking by its name alone so many reminiscences of royalty, was a tempting object to iconoclasts. It is matter of surprise that it passed almost unscathed through the fury of the First Revolution. It can surprise no

<sup>3</sup> The anecdote is taken from M. Rouville's letter to his daughter. The gallant behaviour of the "Pasteur" demands our praise, but it affords not the less a curious illustration of pastoral solicitude as it is understood outside the Church. We are accustomed to tales of heroism of Catholic priests and Sisters of Charity. When they take their lives in their hands it is to save, not house and furniture, and sunny memories of domestic bliss, but more precious souls.

<sup>4</sup> Great amusement was caused by a despatch of April 3, 1871, signed by a Colonel Henry (not Lucien Henry), in which it was announced for the satisfaction of mankind that "Bergeret himself" was at Neuilly.

one that Eudes and Bergeret should covet the glory of laying it in ashes. It would seem that preparations had been made, or were supposed to have been made, at a comparatively early date for securing the destruction of this monument of kings, whatever might be spared or overthrown in the other parts of Paris. A remarkable memorandum, in which "the patriotism redeems the spelling," seems to establish this point. It was picked up at the office of the Central Committee.

En cas de revers de notre armée, Grelier propose: d'ici deux ou trois jours envoyer deux parlementaires à Versailles pour que dans les vingt-quatre heures ils envoient deux Versaillais; leur montrer tous les dossiers des notaires, des avoués, des huissiers, et des titres de rentes; que la dette publique, qui se trouve entre les mains de la Commune sera détruit, brûlé avec du pétrole. Placé de la nitro-glycérine sous tous les grand quartier comme Dardelle a placé les poudre aux *Tuillerie*, après cette promenade il iront porté l'idée de la paix à Versailles.

The Dardelle whose name occurs in this amiable programme was governor of the Tuilleries at the beginning of the Commune, and remained in office to the very end, if we except a few days in the middle of his reign during which by a strange freak of fortune he was transferred from a palace to a prison, being consigned to Mazas by order of Gabriel Ravier, and after a short delay enlarged by Raoul Rigault. He was not a man of action, and was governor only in name; for his subordinates soon discovered that as long as they gave him no annoyance, they might live as they liked. The total destruction of the palace makes it impossible to determine the actual extent of the previous spoliation, but from indirect evidence it would appear that there was much practice of pilfering. And it could not be otherwise where temptation was strong and virtue very weak. Dardelle was a tall, sleek, pompous and indolent, good looking but vulgar youth, waiting to take command of the Communist cavalry when it came into existence, and exceedingly well content to live at his ease meanwhile. The cavalry was indeed so completely an affair of the future that Rossel, pending its organisation, proposed as a practical substitute to form a bicycle corps. Dardelle had some choice spirits under his sway, but, as usual, all were not bad men. The second in command, Madeuf, had been on the stage, and his pale face and wasted form told the story of a vicious life. Yet strange to say he was severely honest. Boudin, another of the staff, but of inferior grade, was, by consent of all who knew him, no ordinary

villain. He had been a carpenter, and had more than once been employed in extensive repairs in the palace, and being a man of observation had acquired more knowledge of the interior arrangements than was agreeable to faithful servants who mounted guard over the objects of value kept in deposit in certain rooms under lock and bolt. When Boudin was seen prowling about, they stood on the alert. Boudin was fortunately a coward, and entertained a wholesome fear of a captain of Zouaves, an old soldier of Alsace, Jacques West, who had found his way quite by mistake into such evil company. West had been in the wars, and had retired from the army with much honour and divers decorations. He rushed again to arms when the German war broke out, and fought bravely at Strasburg. After the armistice, he joined the National Guards in Paris, deceived by their bellicose words, and thinking that with them he should find the best chance of avenging his native Alsace. He proposed to raise a regiment, and was appointed colonel. When he discovered the true character of the men with whom he had made common cause, and that their enemies were not Prussians but Frenchmen, he did not choose to retire from his false position, but he determined to keep away from the fighting. He was able to install himself at the Tuileries under pretext of forming his regiment. Other persons of the household were Wernert, Martin, and a boy of sixteen, Minot, who rivalled in every crime the worst among his elders, and made himself a real object of terror in all the region round. For six weeks comparative peace prevailed in the precincts of the palace, but on the 5th of May, a most unpleasant neighbour appeared upon the scene. Victor Bénot, a young butcher, who by favour of Bergeret was permitted to style himself colonel of "Bergeret's Guards," was made governor of the Louvre, though his only idea of government was to use his fists freely, even when women and children needed coercion. He was a coarse, unmannerly scoundrel with a strong propensity to thieving. No meanness was beneath him. When he "governed" the Louvre he descended one day to steal a woollen jacket from a box which a poor drummer, not knowing the predatory habits of his colonel, had left unprotected. His antecedent history included residence in prison on three different occasions for terms of two months, three years, and two years respectively, for theft and swindling. In his new office he carried on his former habits except that instead of stealing he made "requisitions."

The day after the arrival of Bénot at the Louvre, but apparently not in consequence of that event, the mysterious committal of Dardelle to Mazas took place. He returned cheerfully to his post at the end of a few days, as if nothing had occurred. The most probable conjecture seems to be that Jourde, the Delegate of Finance, had lodged a formal accusation against him of embezzlement. That was a crime which Rigault could more readily pardon. Boudin shared his chief's fortunes, was arrested and released like him. In one of his tours of domestic inspection, after his return to the Tuilleries, he detected some new brick-work in one of the cellar walls. He immediately armed a few trusty friends with pick-axes, and broke in the walls. Of 40,000 bottles of wine which were stored inside, he had abstracted 3,000 and packed them for transport before the proceeding attracted attention. Word was carried then to Colonel Jacques West, who seized his sword and revolver and descended at once. He collared Boudin, and flinging him contemptuously against the wall, dashed into the middle of the party inflicting condign chastisement with his fists. There was a slight show of resistance, which subsided when he laid his hand on his sword. "You are a pack of thieves. Begone!" They were only too glad to go. There is evidence which makes it probable that Dardelle was in the secret. Petroleum and gunpowder were certainly needed to lend sublimity to the acts of the Commune.

Bénot was not idle, but he cared more for plunder than for glory. His exalted station gave him opportunities which he seized with avidity, knowing well that they might never come again. A more dangerous man appeared upon the scene—"Bergeret himself."

Bergeret's name will live in history. He was one of the great personages of the Commune of 1871, and that sole fact might suffice to make the Commune ridiculous for ever. He had not one grace of mind or body to recommend him. His personal appearance was insignificant and disagreeable, he knew nothing of the art of war, he could not sit upon a horse, he was devoted to eating and drinking, he was not satisfied with appropriating like the other Communist leaders the goods which had lapsed to the people by the flight of the recusants to Versailles, but he was detected in the intolerable dishonesty of stealing from his brother thieves. He solicited and obtained a contract for the erection of barricades, and was driving a merry trade in

fictitious orders, until Delescluze, suspecting the fraud, ordered special precautions to be taken, which amounted to a public declaration of distrust. Bergeret neither remonstrated nor resigned. He would accept any affront rather than spoil his chance of a good dinner. In this there was carnal wisdom, if Varlin's statement may be accepted. He declares that he himself disbursed for a fortnight's feasting of Bergeret and his staff the sum of 30,000 francs. Bergeret when he entered public life was about forty years of age. He had made essay of many trades with unvarying ill-success. Yet his self-assurance never suffered diminution. He believed in himself. It is one of the phenomena of human aberration, familiar to us all, that the least worthy are commonly the most conceited.

The "Guards of Bergeret" were stationed at the Corps Législatif at the western end of the Rue de Lille. On the 21st of May a courier came in breathless haste to say that the Versailles troops had entered Paris and to demand reinforcement. Bergeret replied that he could not spare a man from his little garrison, but, though he spoke with an appearance of indifference, he took the message so much to heart that he at once determined to fall back. The Versailles army did not reach till the morning of Wednesday the strong position which Bergeret abandoned of his own free choice at midday on Monday. He transferred his guards to the Tuileries. All lesser stars paled at his approach. Dardelle and Bénot stood bonnet in hand to do the little wretch's bidding.

All this time rumour was busy around the Tuileries. The Government troops had not followed up their first success, and barricades were being rapidly constructed. In the Rue Richelieu a worthy druggist stood at the door of his shop in careless mood, with his hands in his pockets and his feet encased in slippers, surveying rather disdainfully, through his gold spectacles, the groups of noisy disputants that dotted the street. M. Koch was a tall, fine-looking man, and had the bearing of an old soldier. A set of noisy urchins were amusing themselves close by in the endeavour to tear down a scaffolding. M. Koch threatened to box their ears. They took it very ill that he should treat them as children, and moved off sulkily. In a few minutes more the shop was invaded by Federal soldiers. M. Koch seized a bottle from the shelf and warned them to keep their distance. He was overpowered at once. Minot, of the Tuileries, who had joined the party, was careful, with precocious

malice, to secure the bottle. M. Koch said, "The bottle is empty," but before the procession, with Minot riding in front, had reached the Hotel de Ville, that vile young perjurer, showing his prize as he passed along, had persuaded the people that the bottle had by no means been empty, though he left them with some difference of opinion about the name of the virulent poison which it had contained. The Bonapartist apothecary, it was said, as the story grew, had put out the eyes of his own children, and had been caught poisoning soldiers wholesale. The crowd of *Vengeurs de Flourens, Enfants Perdus*, "sham Turcos, sham Zouaves, true Lascars," and the like, pressed round the unhappy prisoner demanding his death. Minot dragged him into the presence of the Secretary of Public Safety, with whom were conversing Gabriel Ravier, two other members of the Communal Government, whom M. Du Camp could name, but will not, and a fourth person from whom he received the account. One of the two anonymous members quietly ordered the escort to take M. Koch and shoot him "in the cellar." "At least let me have a priest," he gasped. All present laughed at the notion. As it was not clear what cellar was intended, Minot preferred the Tuilleries for the place of execution. They had not proceeded far when at the Quai de Gèvres three bystanders dared to remonstrate. Men who deny revelation and God are often, more particularly in Paris, absurdly credulous in other respects. One Parisian craze has been already mentioned—an unhesitating faith in subterranean passages, the pure creations of fancy. It seems that according to another popular tradition if ever a police inspector wishes to disguise himself, he invariably selects a white blouse as the costume best suited to conceal his real character. Now it happened that of the three, who raised their voice in protest on the Quai de Gèvres, two were clad in that suspicious kind of raiment. Therefore, quite naturally, all the three were arrested for spies or traitors, and forced to accompany M. Koch. In the Rue Rivoli Boudin came to the assistance of Minot. The four victims were ushered into the Salle des Maréchaux, where Urbain, Bergeret, Boudin, and a few others constituted themselves into a court martial. It was about six o'clock in the evening. The details of the condemnation are unknown, but the accused were soon led forth into the court of the palace to die. They all prayed for mercy, but Boudin cried out in a loud voice: *Pas de grâce! a mort!* One of the poor men in an agony of supplication grasped him by the sleeve. "Paws off,"

cried the pitiless brute, hitting him on the hand with the hilt of his sword. The report was spread that Delescluze had condemned M. Koch to death. The truth is exactly the opposite. Delescluze, at the intercession of some neighbours of M. Koch, ordered him to be set at liberty, but the order arrived just too late to save him. Dardelle made some attempt to prevent the execution, Madeuf showed pity for the poor men afterwards, but Boudin presided at the murder, while Bergeret applauded the deed and claimed the chief responsibility. Two hours later, when he had dined, he was gently walking to and fro in the colonnade of the Place du Palais Royal enjoying the evening breeze. "Who are these people they have been killing in the courtyard?" a physician stopped to ask him. *Eh bien, quoi? c'étaient des traîtres et des Versailleux; je les ai fait fusiller; ils n'ont eu que ce qu'ils méritaient.*

Very slowly, but very surely, the liberators of Paris were advancing, and Bergeret on the day after the murder of M. Koch was not easy in his mind. The position was strongly fortified and of great strategic importance. He might have presented a most formidable front, but again his heart failed him, or his orders—a less likely hypothesis—compelled him to fall back. Without doubt, he felt that the time had arrived for destroying that "abode of tyranny." It better deserved to be destroyed than to be defended. On the morning of the 23rd of May the *Vengeur*, edited by Félix Pyat, asked its readers the solemn question: "What shall we do with the Tuilleries?" In the middle of the day Bergeret went to the Hôtel de Ville, and returning called around him Bénot, Dardelle, Madeuf, Boudin, and some officers of his staff, not to demand their opinion, but to deliver his instructions. Not a stone should be left upon a stone of that accursed edifice. Nothing must be done hurriedly. There was time enough to do the work with method and completeness. He charged Bénot to see it done.

Just as the clouds of smoke began to ascend from the Rue de Lille, while Eudes and his brave band were on their march to the Hôtel de Ville in the early evening of the 23rd of May, five waggons loaded with powder and petroleum and tar passed into the inner court. The palace was divided into three portions. One was confided to Bénot, another to Boudin, and a third to a private soldier, Girardot, each having about ten men to help him. In the Rue de Lille, under the continual fear of an explosion which would have left no living thing in a wide

circuit round the Palais de la Légion d'Honneur, the movements of the destroyers were necessarily rather at haphazard, though even there the Frenchman's innate love of method and drill showed itself as far as the emergency permitted. But at the Tuilleries it depended upon the workmen themselves to decide when and where the explosions should take place, and there was, except from their own carelessness which was certainly great, no danger of interruption. Boudin surpassed himself, for it was to him as a labour of love to destroy. He delighted in the splash of petroleum, he placed the powder to the best advantage, daubed with pitch and turpentine the hangings and woodwork of the theatre, and bestowed almost artistic care upon the altar in the already desecrated chapel and the organ, which Dardelle used to torture every day for his own amusement, forcing it to belie its sacred character with sounds of mundane mirth. Bénot was less minutely industrious. He went from room to room encouraging the rest, and here and there, to facilitate the transit, smashing in a door or a partition by using his powerful shoulders as a battering-ram. The due distribution of combustible material occupied four hours. Three barrels of powder had been lodged in the entrance-hall by the grand staircase, two more in the Salle des Maréchaux. The plan of action was simply to set fire to the four corners and to the end of the corridors, and leave the flames to burn inward. When they reached the central emporium of gunpowder, the Tuilleries would cease to be.

Dardelle knew what was going on, but he had not been consulted. About nine o'clock that night Madeuf found him in the quadrangle pacing anxiously backwards and forwards, and said a few hurried words. Dardelle went straight to a guard-room where some of his house-officers were standing in a group. "I charge you," he said to one of them, "on your life, to have all the servants out of the building this very moment, before it blows up." "How could you let them do it?" exclaimed one of the officers. "I'd no power. It was all Bergeret's doing," said the nominal Governor of the Tuilleries. There was no disposition to dally. Catching up what they had at hand, the poor men made for the street, but the guards levelled bayonets and refused to let them pass. Madeuf shouted fiercely to the soldiers to leave the way clear. It seems most likely that the guards were only acting upon general orders to let no one in or out without the pass-word, which in the

hurry of the moment may have been forgotten, than that any formal decree had been issued to stop the fugitives. Dardelle and Madeuf then leaped on horseback and galloped away. This is the last that is known of Dardelle.

The flight had been needlessly precipitate, for the grand explosion did not occur till after one o'clock in the morning. After half-past ten o'clock the soldiers were withdrawn from the burning palace, but the master-workmen lingered yet. Bergeret, Bénot, and Boudin feasted their eyes on the gorgeous spectacle which they had created, and then retired to sup in a room of the Ministère de l'État, in disagreeable proximity to the centre of danger. After supper they adjourned to smoke on the terrace, and placed themselves in position between the Pavillon Colbert and the Pavillon Richelieu to watch the progress of the fire and enjoy the final crash. At a quarter past one the cupola of the Salle des Maréchaux, breaking as it rose, scattered its massive contents and great fragments of masonry in a tempest of flame and flashing sparks, and fell back a shapeless ruin. Bergeret felt that his work was done. It was the proudest moment of his little life. In his exultation he scrawled in pencil on a scrap of paper, "The last traces of royalty have vanished. I would the same were true of all the monuments of Paris." When Eratostratus burned Diana's Temple to gain eternal notoriety, he did not pretend to be a hero, but humbly knew himself to be a fool. He has been laughed at long enough. Bergeret may oust him with advantage from his niche of fame.

ARTHUR G. KNIGHT.

### *On the Perception of the Senses.*

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THE wisest among the physiological inquirers of the present day seem to have resolved, and perhaps wisely, to limit themselves entirely to the material aspect of the phenomena they investigate. They are ready to allow that there exists, in intimate connection with nerve and brain and tissue, a series of phenomena for which they can in no way account, and which belong to an order altogether different from those modifications of the material organ, to the study of which they devote their attention ; in fact, they are eager to disclaim all interference or connection, hostile or friendly, with the phenomena of consciousness, and are content to limit themselves to the physical phenomena and to the changes in the bodily organism which fall under their notice. With this one-sided and partial view no Catholic philosopher or physiologist can ever content himself—to him the immaterial is of far greater importance than the material, and the phenomena of consciousness than the phenomena of the mere bodily organism. To the Catholic, therefore (and indeed to all who desire to avoid a purely materialistic view of the phenomena of conscious sensation), it is of the deepest importance to understand something of the vital or immaterial aspect of those bodily sensations which accompany us in every moment of our lives.

Whenever any material object comes within the range of one or other of our bodily senses, it produces a certain change in our living organism. This change has a double aspect : it may be regarded in its material character, inasmuch as the matter of our body is affected by it ; or in its vital character, inasmuch as it is a change in one of the vital faculties of which our various bodily organs are the instruments. With the first of these aspects physiology is concerned, since physiology treats of life merely as it affects the material body ; it is the second, the change in its character of a vital change, which falls within the special province of psychology, for psychology has for its object

life as such, and busies itself with the material body merely as the instrument of life. We have therefore now to consider the vital change which material objects bring about in our vital faculties, although from time to time we shall have to allude to the material aspect of the change as it takes place in our bodily organism, where it is necessary to show how the results of physiological science illustrate and confirm the truth of our psychological doctrine.

This change of which we are speaking is a certain impression made on one or other of our organs of sense as the living organ of some special faculty. Thus the impression which light makes upon the eye is made upon it as the living organ of the faculty of sight, which thereby receives a certain modification; the impression which a rough body makes upon the sensory nerves underlying the skin is made upon them as the living organs of the faculty of touch, which thus undergoes a certain vital change; and so with all the other senses. The question, therefore, before us is, What is the nature of this vital change in the faculty? How does the faculty accomplish the act of sensation? How do we perceive the external object?

Before any such impression is made, the vital faculty is wholly unable to exert any sensitive power. It is indeterminate, and requires something to determine it; it is passive, and requires something to rouse it to action; it is potential, not actual, and requires something to actuate it. But this state of things becomes entirely changed when the internal impression has been made: the faculty excited by this new influence assumes an entirely new character, its latent energy is called forth, and it is roused to a new life. Before it was indeterminate, now it becomes determined; before it was passive, now it becomes active. But it is important to remember that this activity is only developed in it when it is actually in possession of the impression made upon it. In the reception of the impression it was purely passive—it merely took what was given it, without any action whatever on its own part. Just as the shapeless wax passively receives the impression of the die, so the faculty passively receives the impression of the external object; as the canvass passively receives the colours from the hand of the painter, so the faculty of sight passively receives the impression conveyed to it through the medium of the picture painted on the retina of the eye. As the marble passively receives its shape from the chisel of the sculptor, so the faculty

of hearing passively receives the impression of the sound imparted to it through the tympanum of the ear. In this respect the sensitive faculties differ essentially from the intellectual; the intellect actively produces in itself the impressions necessary to the intellectual act; the sense displays no activity whatever in receiving the impressions necessary to sensation.

We say, which are necessary to sensation, because the reception of the external impression is by no means the act of sensation itself. It is merely something preliminary to it—a necessary previous step without which sensation is impossible: it is merely the commencement of sensation, not the completion of it. It goes before it, as the reception of food goes before the nutrition of the body. It prepares the sensitive faculty to act, just as the sharpening of a sword which has never before received an edge is a necessary preparation for the deadly work to be done in the day of battle. It develops in the faculty a power before dormant, and until this power is developed, the faculty is no more able to produce the sensation than the steam-engine is able to move as long as the boiler is empty or the fires extinguished. But we must examine this impression a little more closely, both in relation to the faculty which it actuates and the object which it represents.

It is produced, as we have already said, by some material object existing outside of us, and it therefore forms a bond of union, a connecting link, between the object and the faculty. By means of it the object is united to the faculty, for without such union the indeterminate faculty could not be determined, and could therefore never have a sensation of the object. But how is such an union possible? The external object is material; the faculty is vital, and is thus altogether raised above gross matter. How, then, is the transition to take place from that which is purely material to that which belongs to a higher order of things? *Cognitum est in cognoscente secundum modum cognoscens.* The object of knowledge, whether of the knowledge of the senses or of the knowledge of the intellect, exists in the faculty of knowledge in accordance with the nature of the faculty. It is evident, therefore, that if the impression is to unite the object and the faculty, it must have something in common with both of them. It must represent the object so as to enable the faculty to proceed to the perception of the object; it must in its essential nature be so closely akin to the faculty as to be capable of an immediate and intimate union with it.

In its relation to the external object it is necessary that it should strictly and properly represent it. But in order that it may represent it, it is not necessary that it should have an essential agreement of nature with it: even a complete resemblance of form is not required; all that is needed is such a correspondence between the object and the impression which it produces in the faculty, such a representation of the object by the impression, as qualifies the faculty receiving it to proceed to a knowledge of the object. Even an *actual* likeness between the object and the impression is not requisite: a *virtual* likeness is enough; that is, the impression must have the power or virtue so to represent the object in the faculty, that the faculty may be able in union with the impression to generate in itself an *actual* likeness of the object.

It must be borne in mind that it is important to distinguish carefully between a resemblance of nature, an *actual* likeness on the one hand, and a representative or *virtual* likeness on the other. If we have an accurate copy of some great picture, we say that there is an essential agreement of nature, an *actual* likeness between the picture and its copy; if, on the other hand, we have a drawing which represents some solid object, there is no *actual* likeness between the drawing and the solid object as such, since the drawing cannot reproduce solidity or space of three dimensions; but there is a representative likeness, for the drawing, by the shading of its colours, represents solidity and has the power of producing in our minds a most vivid notion of solidity. In the same way it is not necessary that there should be an *actual* resemblance between the object and the impression, although such resemblance may exist; it is quite sufficient that the impression should so represent the object as to enable the vital faculty to arrive at an *actual* knowledge of the object. It was from overlooking this fact that the early Greek philosophers were led to regard the soul of man as something material, because it has the power of taking cognizance of material things. They started with the principle, "Like is known by like," and thence argued that a faculty which attains a knowledge of what is material cannot be essentially raised above matter. There was, of course, a certain amount of truth in their principle, but they carried it too far. They explained likeness as meaning a certain identity of nature; whereas they ought to have limited it to identity of representation. The impression which is the medium of communication between the

faculty and the object must indeed be an exact likeness of the object, but exact only in that it so represents the object as to enable the faculty to have an exact knowledge of that object. This is what is meant by the name by which the impression is known in scholastic philosophy. It is always called the *species impressa*—*species* as indicating a representative likeness rather than a real identity; *impressa* as denoting its passive reception by the faculty and also as opposed to the *species expressa* of which we shall presently speak.

We next come to the relation of this impression, or *species impressa*, to the faculty into which it is received. We have already remarked that what is received into a faculty of knowledge must be received according to the nature of that faculty. Hence it follows that the *species impressa* must be received as a vital and not as a mere material impression, that is, it must be received in the bodily organ not as a mere bodily organ, but as the living organ of a vital faculty. A mere material impression can be made on the body after death; the picture painted on the retina may be seen in the eye of an animal for some hours after life is extinct, but in that case there is no vital impression, no true *species impressa*. For then the eye is no longer the organ of sight, and therefore there is no living faculty into which the *species impressa* can be received. And next we may remark that this vital impression in relation to the faculty is an accident inhering in the faculty. It is an accident, because it may be there or not, without the essential nature of the faculty being affected; it inheres in the faculty, because no accident can exist by itself, but must inhere in something which supports its being and is of the same essential nature with it. Now the impression being a vital one, it necessarily inheres in that which is itself vital, that is, in the vital faculty. And lastly, we may speak of the impression as a form which determines the indeterminate faculty; or as a perfection superadded to the faculty, which was before imperfect, in that it was unable to develope its dormant power of action before the impression was received.

But we now come to the act of sensation itself. Hitherto we have been describing the preliminary step, without which it cannot take place, the determination of the faculty by the *species impressa* qualifying the faculty to act. From this previous process we now pass on to the sensation itself.

As soon as the faculty is impregnated with the impression

made upon it, the *species impressa* which it has received from the external object, it necessarily and at once exercises the activity which has thus been developed in it. But it does not act alone: it takes into its service the *species impressa* within it, and the two together proceed concurrently to carry out the act of sensation. They act as two distinct efficient causes mutually subordinate to each other. They are not coordinate causes, since they do not by similar action, each of them produce a part of the total effect. They are not like two horses which each of them by a similar action draws a part of the whole load. But they are subordinate causes, in that each produces the whole effect, though in a different way and by a different mode of action. As we may say that in one sense the pen writes the whole letter and in another sense the man, so we may say in one sense that the faculty produces the whole act of sensation, and in another sense the impression made upon the faculty; not that the cases are exactly parallel, for the pen is but the external instrument of the man and is completely subordinate to his agency, but the impression is not merely the instrument of the faculty or the faculty of the impression. We might perhaps compare them more aptly to two partners in business, one of whom is well provided with capital but destitute of any knowledge of the business on which he is embarked, while the other possesses admirable skill but no money. It is evident that neither of these partners can carry on the business or any part of it without the assistance of the other. And therefore they are not coordinate causes of its success. But they are mutually subordinate: as regards the funds required, the man of skill is subordinate to the man of money; as regards the skill, the man of money is subordinate to the man of practical knowledge and experience. The 'case of the faculty and the impression, or *species impressa*, is very similar to this. They are mutually subordinate: that is, in one respect the impression is subordinate to the faculty, in another the faculty to the impression. Simply and in itself the impression is subordinate to the faculty, for it inheres in it and cannot exist independently of it; but if regarded in relation to the determinate character of the sensation produced, the faculty is subordinate to the impression, for the impression regulates the determinate nature of this or that sensation. The faculty acts as the support and stay of the impression, while the impression gives to the faculty the particular form or determination which enables it to produce this or that result.

We are now in a position to answer the question, What is sensation? Sensation is the production on the part of the faculty determined, and the *species impressa* which determines it, of a new image or representation of the object, which is no longer imprinted passively on the faculty, but actively produced from it. This new image is called the *species expressa* as distinguished from the *species impressa* which we have hitherto been discussing. It is in virtue of the production of the *species expressa*, representing an external object, and generated by the vital faculty in conjunction with the *species impressa* of that object that we are said to have a sensation, or sensitive perception of the object by the faculty.

But before we discuss more at length the act of sensation, we must draw the attention of the reader to the distinction which exists between the *species impressa*, the representation imprinted on the faculty at the commencement of the act of sensation, and the *species expressa*, the representation developed by the faculty in the act of sensation itself. It is necessary to have this distinction very clearly before our minds, because the neglect of it is one of the commonest philosophical errors on this subject, and at the same time one which renders any theory of sensation into which it enters utterly perplexed and untenable. It is an error of very long standing, for the confusion of the two species dates from the early Greek philosophers, and is mentioned by Aristotle as involved in an assertion of Democritus respecting vision. It was revived by some of the Nominalists in support of their subjective doctrine of Universals; it is adopted in the present day by all those writers who forsake the Aristotelian system of philosophy for the original theories of some modern leader of thought. Physiologists do not as a rule appear to be aware of the existence of two species distinct from each other. In them perhaps the confusion is excusable, but it is difficult to understand how any thoughtful psychologist can ignore a distinction which is as certain a psychological fact as the very fact of sensation itself. For the *species impressa* is but the beginning of the sensation, the first step towards its accomplishment, without which the act of sensation would be impossible; the *species expressa* is the completion of the sensation, the last step in its accomplishment which renders the act of sensation perfect. The *species impressa* comes from the external object to the faculty which passively receives it; the *species expressa* tends to the external object, though after a different

manner, and is produced by the faculty working actively. The *species impressa* is the parent of the *species expressa*, or rather one of its parents, the efficient cause which generates it in union with the faculty. The completed act of sensation does not consist of the reception of the image from without, but in the subsequent production of the image from within. For sensation is a vital action, and therefore must proceed from an active internal principle within the living agent; this condition is not satisfied as long as the vital faculty is merely receptive, it must be productive as well. We do not say that the cure of a sick man is accomplished as soon as he has received the physic, even though we may know that the physic will certainly bring about the cure; but we pronounce his cure to be accomplished when some one of his vital faculties, modified by and acting in conjunction with the remedy received, has actively produced that change in his system which we call a restoration to health. In the same way the sensation is not an accomplished fact as soon as the *species impressa* is received, but only when one of our vital faculties, modified by and acting in conjunction with the *species impressa*, has actively produced that change in our organism which we call the *species expressa*. Hence the two species are essentially different, the one is the cause, the other the effect; the one is the beginning of the sensation, the other the end of it; the one proceeds from the external object, the other from the internal faculty determined by the object; in the one the sensitive faculty is passive, in the other it is active. And yet, strange to say, some modern writers seem to regard the two species as one and the same.

The essential difference between the *species impressa* and the *species expressa* becomes still more evident if we regard the act of sensation under another aspect, viz., as a reaction on the part of the faculty in the direction of the object, consequent upon the previous action of the object on the faculty. Perhaps this reaction may in some way be explained by a parallel reaction in the purely material sphere. When an impression is made by some hard object on an elastic body, there is a material reaction on the part of the body so impressed. The reaction is the result which follows after the impression is made; it takes place in the elastic body, and at the same time directs itself towards the object which made the impression. In a similar manner, when an impression is made by an external object on a vital faculty, there is a vital reaction on the part of the faculty

so impressed. Here, too, the reaction is the result which follows after the impression is made. It takes place in the vital faculty, and at the same time directs itself towards the object which made the impression. There is, of course, an essential difference between material and vital reaction; the former is something external, palpable, it can be seen and felt; the latter is something internal, impalpable, which cannot be seen or felt. But the two cases are parallel in this, that the reaction is something consequent upon and subsequent to the reception of the impression—that is, the reaction in the case of sensation takes place after the *species impressa* has been received into the sensitive faculty. But it also lasts only as long as the sensation lasts, and it therefore ceases when the sensation ceases. Hence the appearance of the *species expressa*, which is the completion of the sensation, is the signal for the disappearance of the reaction. Now if the reaction thus begins to exist only after the *species impressa* has been stamped upon the faculty, if it continues to exist only while the *species expressa* is being developed, if the appearance of the *species expressa* is the signal for the speedy cessation of the reaction, how can the *species impressa* and the *species expressa* be one and the same? The *species impressa* gives birth to the reaction, the *species expressa* is the effect of it; the *species impressa* is the beginning, the *species expressa* the end of it; how, then, is it possible to identify the *species impressa* with the *species expressa*? And we may here notice that it is from confusing the *species impressa* and the *species expressa*, from overlooking their several relations to the reaction which divides them one from the other, that some modern physiologists have a difficulty in explaining how it is we do not see all things around us upside down. For the *species impressa*, the picture printed on the retina of the eye, represents all its objects in an inverted position, and therefore if there were no other species beyond it, we ought to have a topsy-turvy view of the whole world around.

But to proceed with our analysis of sensation. We have already said that the *species expressa* is the completion of the act of sensation, but we may go further and say that it is itself the completed act. We have already spoken of sensation as the production of the image, we now assert that the image is identical with the accomplished sensation. We have already said that the representation produced results from the action of the faculty in union with the *species impressa*; we now

affirm that the effect produced is precisely the same as the completed act of production; that the *species expressa* is the very act of production, looked at, not in the process of its development, but in its final perfection. To understand this is perhaps the most serious difficulty in the doctrine of sensation. How can the act of producing, it may be asked, be identical with the thing produced? How can the cause be one with the effect? How can the operation be itself its own result? How can the image have any identity with the process which brings that image into being? How can the *species expressa* be the very act which generates itself?

In answering this question we must remark, first of all, that every action may be looked at at three different periods, in its first commencement, in the course of its duration, and in its final completion. Now, when we say that the sensation produced is identical with the act of production, we do not speak of the act either in its beginning or in its incomplete duration, but only in its ultimate completion and perfection. We do not say that the *species expressa* is identical with the act of sensation, except in so far as that act is finally accomplished. Or to put the case in scholastic language, we may regard every action either *in fieri*, in its imperfect state, while it is still on its way to its final perfection, or *in facto esse*, in its formed nature, in its perfect state, when its final perfection is already attained. The act of sensation, therefore, when regarded *in fieri*, is still unfinished, is in no sense identical with the image which it is to produce, but when looked at *in facto esse*, as complete and done, it has an exact identity with the image which it has been generating.

And in the second place we must notice, that this identity of the thing produced and of the act of production, strictly speaking, holds good only of those actions which leave behind them no direct and immediate result, either within or without the agent, and of other actions only in so far as we regard them apart from any permanent result which they produce. Thought is an example of the former kind of action, the thought which flashes through the mind and then fades away, never to be again revived, leaves no direct and immediate result behind it, and for this reason is identical with the very act of thinking. In the material world a flash of summer lightning which strikes upon the eye and then is past and gone, is identical with the very act by which it is manifested to us. And even when

there exists some permanent result, we may distinguish between the action viewed as the action of the agent which leaves no lasting effect in the agent, and the same action viewed in itself as producing a permanent effect. Under the former point of view, that is when regarded as the action of the agent, the act produced is the very act of production, although from the latter point of view, that is when regarded as a product or effect, the thing produced is something beyond and beside the act of production. Thus, the illumination of the earth by the sun, viewed as an act on the part of the sun, is the same as the continuous emergence of the rays from the body which generates them, but viewed as an influence received by the earth, the light is something more than the continuous emergence of the rays—it is a positive effect produced upon the earth.

Now sensation belongs, perhaps more than any other form of action which is not strictly spiritual, to that kind of action which leaves no result behind it. As the thought passes through the mind and often leaves no trace of its passage, so the impression made upon the eye, or the sound which falls upon the ear, immediately disappears and may never be revived. We are here speaking of the direct and immediate result of the action ; we are not concerned with any indirect and secondary effects which it might have ; and we say that in external sensation, more perhaps than in any other action which is in any way connected with things material, the activity or act of producing is identical with the result, the thing produced ; that the sensation as a sensation leaves no results behind it, that the *species expressa*, the image produced, is one and the same thing with the completed activity of the efficient causes which produced it, is one and the same thing with the act of production, when that act is viewed in its final accomplishment.

But perhaps it will be more easy to realize this identity if we see how it is confirmed by the language of mankind as well as by the modern discoveries of physical science. Language is one of the best helpmates of true philosophy ; the common consent of human speech is ever ready to bear its unconscious witness to any doctrine which is based on truth. Language is the outcome of the true world-spirit, and although it may in one country or another be for a time perverted by some widely prevalent error, yet we need only to look a little further and to regard it from a wider point of view, to find in it an unfailing

guide to truth, and to elicit from it an implicit testimony against every false theory. Now if we examine the language of the most cultivated and highly civilized nations of the world, we shall universally find the same word expressing the act of producing and the thing produced. In Greek, German, English, Latin, and all the Latin languages, the same word stands for the thing done and the act of doing it. In English both our Saxon and our Latin derivations exhibit this common usage. We say that, "The suffering of hardship develops patience," by which we mean the act of suffering; and on the other hand, that "This or that suffering is very hard to bear," by which we mean the thing suffered. So again we say that "A riot took place during the proclamation of the King's edict," by which we mean "during the act of proclaiming it," and on the other hand that "The proclamation was issued during a riot," by which we mean the thing proclaimed. Nay, more, even the more accurate and metaphysical languages include in this common usage not only those actions which have no direct result, but also those which produce a positive effect external to themselves; simply because from the point of view of the agent, the act of doing a thing is in its completion always the same as the thing done, even though when regarded objectively the identity between the two does not hold good. We have the same word in Greek and Latin for the house built and the act of building it, the poetry composed and the act of composing it. The reason of this is that, as an act of the builder, the house built is identical with the building of it, as being the execution of the plan he had proposed to himself; as an act of the poet, the poem composed is identical with his composition of it, as the realization of the idea which his intellect had conceived. Thus does language bear testimony to the identity of the effect produced and the act of producing it. We bring forward its evidence rather as an illustration than as a direct argument for the doctrine which we have laid down. Our next witness shall be physical science, which like language is invariably the support and stay of true philosophy.

Modern science is developing more and more every day the physical side of the forces of nature. Heat, light, electricity, magnetism are to some extent passing out of their mysterious obscurity, and affording us some glimpses into their inner nature. Scientific investigation declares them all to be different forms of one and the same thing, different kinds of vibratory

and other motion. Light is but the vibration of some fluid, whatever it may be, which fills all space. Sound is but the vibration of the air. Heat is the vibratory motion of the particles of material substances. Electricity and magnetism are believed to be also forms of motion, although their precise nature is less accurately determined. Colour, again, is but reflected light, and therefore nothing but reflected motion; and not only so, but colour differs from colour merely in the nature of the motion of which it consists. A bright colour differs from a fainter one, merely in the greater force with which the waves of light break upon our eye: one colour differs from another—red from green and blue from yellow—only in the respective breadth of the waves of light, that is, in the quicker or slower succession with which wave follows wave in their motion from the object seen to the organ of sight. So, too, with other forces. A high sound is but a very rapid vibration of the air: a low sound is but a slower vibration. An intense heat is but an intensely rapid movement of the particles of the heated body: whereas cold is a slow and sluggish movement. Now, if science is thus gradually establishing the identity of the external quality and of the action which produces that quality; if colour and light and heat are one and all various forms of motion; if they are one and all different kinds of activity; if the properties of material things thus prove one after the other to be the very process by which those properties are generated; how much more is this the case when we rise from mere brute matter to an order of things altogether higher? For in sensation we have no longer mere material forces acting on material substances, but vital forces acting on a vital faculty. The activity, the motion which is at work is still a vital motion, not the mere physical motion of material particles. The quality produced by this motion is a vital one, and takes places in a living body. Now all life in itself implies activity, and therefore if physical science has proved in the case of material things that the coloured image we see, or the music we hear, is but a series of movements, surely there is no difficulty that the vital image, the *species expressa* is in its turn a higher form of a higher kind of motion. If heat is but one and the same with the activity of the particles of the material body, surely we need not stumble over the psychological fact that the sensation produced is one and the same with the activity of the living subject, that it is an action in no way differing from the result which that action directly produces.

But we need not go to language or to physical science to bear witness to the essential activity of the *species expressa*, the complement, as it may be called, of the act of sensation. For the very definition of life places it at once clearly and plainly before us, and provides us with the strict and proper proof of what we have hitherto been seeking to illustrate and explain. We define life as the power of immanent action, and therefore everything which is a manifestation of life will be a manifestation of that power. Now the *species expressa*, as being a living image, is a manifestation of life, and therefore a manifestation of immanent action. The manifestation of any power consists in the actual exercise of that function of which it is the power: the manifestation of the power of speech consists in speaking: the manifestation of the power of prophecy consists in predicting things to come. Hence the *species expressa*, as being a manifestation of life, and therefore a manifestation of the power of immanent action, consists in acting immanently. It shares the necessary activity which characterizes sensation: it is itself an activity, a movement; only we must remember in the first place that it is this activity, this movement, regarded in its final accomplishment, and not in the course of its production; and secondly, that it is a vital activity, and because vital, is immanent; that is, it confines its action within itself, and does not affect that which lies outside of it. Hence we see what we have already noticed, that sensation, as being an activity, cannot consist in the mere passive reception of the *species impressa*, otherwise it would not fulfil the essential condition of activity which belongs to it as a manifestation of life.

To sum up the conclusions hitherto arrived at. Sensation, or the perception of an external object by one of the five senses, is the representation of the external object by means of an image generated in a vital faculty. The efficient causes which generate this image are the faculty itself and the impression made upon the faculty by the external object at the very commencement of the sensation. The two causes act in mutual subordination to each other. The impression made upon the faculty is called the *species impressa*; the living image generated by the faculty and the *species impressa* is called the *species expressa*. The *species expressa* and the *species impressa* differ essentially from each other, and any confusion between the two vitiates the whole theory of sensation into which it enters. And lastly, the sensation and the action of sensation are one and

the same thing from different points of view, language testifying to this, physical science confirming it by physical analogies, and the very essence of sensation as a manifestation of life proving beyond all doubt that the *species expressa* is not only the image of the external object, but also the very act of sensation which presents the image, when that act is regarded in its final completion and accomplishment.

RICHARD F. CLARKE.

## *Protestant Missions in Ireland.*

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ATTENTION has been recently drawn to some riotous proceedings in Connemara which occurred during the spring of the year in connection with a body styling itself "The Irish Church Missions." Letters on the subject between the Government, as represented by Mr. Lowther, on one side, and the Protestant Bishop of Tuam and Mr. Eyre, of Clifden Castle, Galway, on the other, have appeared in the public press, in which a charge of persecution and intolerance has been made against Irish Catholics.

A brief sketch of the workings of this Society may not therefore be uninteresting, and may prove, if proof be wanting, that the enemies of the Church are as unscrupulous and persevering in their endeavours to shake the faith of the Irish peasant as they are in their attempt to throw dust in the eyes of the public by the plea of persecution. From the time of the Reformation downwards the policy of the British Government has always been to foster Protestantism in Ireland, of which the black and cruel period of the penal laws is sufficient evidence. The futility of their attempts is well known to every student of history, but the futility of the attempts of the various private societies to carry out the same idea is not so well known. Foremost amongst that large number stands the Society for Irish Church Missions to Roman Catholics founded thirty years ago, when poverty and desolation stalked throughout the country, and when hundreds of the best blood of Ireland's sons were dying on the roadside. A band of men at that time conceived the project of bread and Bibles. Far be it from us to judge their motives. Doubtless many of them had the purest intentions, and believed in their blindness that they were doing the Lord's work. On the principle that Ireland's extremity was the Protestant's opportunity, they inaugurated a Society which flooded the district of Connemara and other poverty-stricken

tracts of territory with Scripture readers and tract distributors. This Society, with which is incorporated the late Irish Society of London, was started for the avowed object of proselytism, witness the leading sentence of its Constitution, "The Society shall be called *The Society for Irish Church Missions to the Roman Catholics*," and further on, "the object of the Society is to promote the glory of God in the salvation of the souls of our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects in Ireland." Hence it was that from its foundation it received the strongest opposition from the Church in Ireland, both on the part of the laity and the hierarchy. With incredible presumption, however, ignoring the existence of this opposition, a Committee proceeded to carry out the plan of attack, and though unable to prevent members of their own communion in England, Ireland, Scotland, and America from joining their opponents, they were simple enough to believe they were sure of success.

Their plan was all contained in the declaration of what they call "the Gospel" from the pulpit, from house to house, by the wayside, by friendly disputation, by Irish teaching and Scripture texts, by tracts and handbills, and by teaching in night, Sunday, and ragged schools. Money of course was wanting, nor was it long before the discovery was made that money was the only essential and the sole guarantee for that partial success of which they so loudly boast. But money at that time was easily procured, for the hopes of Protestants ran high that the Irish people were at length prepared to receive the doctrine of the Reformation. Statements to that effect had been repeatedly made in the pulpit and on the platform, as the sermons and pamphlets of that day abundantly testify. The more pious of the Evangelical classes easily drank in the welcome intelligence, and started collections throughout the country. The writer of this paper distinctly remembers, as a boy at school in the south of England, being virtually compelled (as all the boys were) to contribute a penny a week to the Connemara fund, a practice which he is informed is still carried on. In this way enormous funds were collected, and endowed with an annual capital of about £20,000, the Society has had the power of doing much mischief. In a country where the faith was less strong than happily is the case in Ireland, it would have proved a serious foe.

The income of the Society for the year 1878, as stated in Thirtieth Annual Report, amounted to £21,274, which is £164

less than that for the previous year. The following items are instructive :

From Associations and private collections	...	£11,315
Annual subscriptions and donations paid direct to		
London office	...	3,505
Ireland	...	2,669
Foreign contributions	...	84
Legacies and interest	...	1,723
Response to special appeal	...	1,978
		£21,274

The Report states that the condition of the funds of the Society during the past year was such as to cause all friends of missionary work the deepest anxiety, so that a special appeal was found necessary. It appears that in spite of the reduction of the salaries of the numerous body of officials and the dismissal of some of the agents, the abandonment of some important posts is threatened, unless more money can be obtained. We find the usual declaration that there are opportunities for extended work, and that plenty more men might be had, but that for want of money even the existing work is cramped and fettered.

Then comes the most important statement of the whole Report, viz.: "If greater and more earnestly self-denying efforts are not made, if new friends are not attracted, the mission will gradually sink and die for want of funds." It appears, therefore, from the foregoing that the Irish Church Mission Society has reached a critical period of its existence, and that foreshadowed is the possibility of a collapse of the whole scheme. It is important to bear this in mind, for once such an event should take place, it would be proof that the general Protestant public disapproved of its proceedings, and were convinced that large sums of money were being annually squandered without any practical result. The greater part of the money that has hitherto been subscribed has been drawn from England, and it is instructive to observe that the more Englishmen and Englishwomen become acquainted with the real facts of the case the less they are inclined to contribute. The disestablishment of the Protestant Communion in Ireland has taught them much that they did not know of that country, and the closing of many Protestant buildings on account of the entire absence of a congregation has made them

contrast the glowing accounts they had hitherto heard of the progress of the Reformation, with the actual facts that have taken place before their eyes. Many instances could be cited. One will suffice, such as that of a large Protestant church near Gweendore, County Donegal, built about twelve years ago by money collected in England. It now stands desolate, the property having been purchased by a Catholic, and the persons who originated it having disappeared from the locality. A clergyman from a neighbouring parish performs afternoon service once in six weeks to a congregation of three persons, who were originally imported from the north by the late proprietor. It is probable those who subscribed to its erection would never have done so could they have foreseen the complete failure that was in store for them. At no period were any perversions effected, though systematic attempts at proselytism were made for many years. Houses were built and work offered to those who would renounce their faith; clothes, and food were widely distributed, and a school established, but all to no purpose. At length some disturbance took place, but in this instance, as also at the present time in Galway, it was not until they were actually goaded into opposition by a continued series of insults that any breach of the peace was committed.

One of the regulations of this Society is as follows: "Courses of lectures by competent lecturers on the great subject of the Romish controversy will be aided in the principal towns of Ireland." In this way an infinity of mischief is done. Men of ability and men of no ability appear in a neighbourhood which is intensely Catholic, and by the virulence of their language, the coarseness of their assertions, and the ignorance they display on all matters that are dear to the hearts of Catholics, inflame the population and produce bad feeling and frequently bloodshed. Another regulation is as follows: "The Committee will, according to its resources, adopt any measure that may tend to the conversion of the Roman Catholic population, &c." It is evident that, according to this regulation, the Committee may adopt any measure that is calculated to exasperate the masses of Irishmen, and therefore they should be held directly responsible for any riotous proceedings that take place in connection with the Society, such as those which have recently disgraced the otherwise peaceful districts of the West.

It is difficult for outsiders to read without disgust the remarks

of the Thirtieth Annual Report of the Society on this point. According to it, "a determined systematic persecution is now being carried on in Galway under the presidency of the Romish Archbishop of Tuam, and is threatening the lives of all Protestants in Connemara." This was the key-note of the Annual Meeting in London last May, and the speakers vied with one another in drawing pictures of the misery and desolation that had been caused by Irish Romanists. The Protestant Bishop of Ripon took the chair and urged the necessity of supporting an institution which had accomplished so much, and which would yet accomplish more were the means forthcoming. One of the speakers told his hearers that as they valued liberty of conscience, they should cordially support those who were suffering from a cruel persecution; another that a fresh era of persecution had been inaugurated and officially sanctioned by the Archbishop of Tuam, whilst everything that cruelty could devise was resorted to in order to drive Protestantism from the country.

The Society professes to have eighteen missions throughout Ireland, of which the Mission of Connemara comprises six separate districts. It is remarkable that its work is almost exclusively carried on in those parts of the country where an easy victory might have been anticipated from the extreme destitution that prevails, and that in the district of Connemara, which comprises a population of the most poverty-stricken inhabitants of Europe, it is most active. The greater part of the report of missionary operations for 1878 is vague. We find statements to the effect that nearly one thousand tracts and copies of the Bible have been distributed, that the lectures and controversial classes were well attended, and that the schools have been frequented by larger numbers than before; but in the whole Report there is little that can be designated as distinct or specific. Such statements as the following abound: "Many not only learn to love the Saviour themselves, but carry to their homes the truths which become the means of their parents' conversion." "Many have made known their doubts and fears, and are earnestly learning God's way of pardon and peace." "We have reason to believe that two young men of the same class now in Scotland followed the example of another," (*i.e.* apostatized). "Many died rejoicing in the Saviour." "Three-fourths of our congregation (Errismore) are made up of converts from Romanism." "Some who know the truth and believe in it yet lack

the courage to proclaim openly their rejection of Romish error." The actual gains of the past year are as follows:

*Dublin Mission*, with a staff of 57 teachers, schoolmasters, schoolmistresses, and superintendents—none stated.

*Portarlington Mission*, with 3 teachers, &c.—none stated.

*Ossory Mission*, with 4 teachers, &c.—1 man, stated to have become a Protestant.

*East Cork Mission*, with 3 teachers, &c.—2 men.

*Limerick Mission*, with 5 teachers, &c.—no report.

*Aughrim Mission*, with 4 teachers, &c.—none stated.

*Galway Mission*, with 8 teachers, &c.—none stated, but one woman believed to have become a Protestant.

*Tuam Mission*, with 3 teachers, &c.—no detailed report.

*Far Connaught Mission*, with 9 teachers, &c.—1 man stated to have become a Protestant and left the district.

*Oughterard Mission*, with 7 teachers, &c.—none stated.

*Castelkerke Mission*, with 2 teachers, &c.—1 family stated to have become Protestant.

*Connemara Mission*, with 8 missionaries, 20 readers, 15 schoolmasters, and 18 schoolmistresses—10 persons.

*Ballinakill Mission*, with 10 teachers, &c.—none stated.

*Killary Mission*, with 5 teachers, &c.—none stated.

*Bunlahinch Mission*, with 2 teachers, &c.—1 woman stated to have received communion when ill from a Protestant minister.

*Coolaney Mission*, with 2 teachers, &c.—none stated.

*North-Eastern Mission*, with 5 teachers, &c.—none stated.

*Armagh and Louth Mission*, with 5 teachers, &c.—none stated.

In the whole of Ireland, therefore, according to the Report of the Society, sixteen persons and one family, the number of which has not been specified, are brought forward as converts to Protestantism.

The income for 1878 was over £20,000, and the expenditure nearly the same, though apparently no new churches or schools have been built during that period. The expenses of controversial printing and handbills exceed £600, whilst £400 is spent on ordinary printing and publications. There are numerous small items, but the amount alone expended on the salaries of the missionaries, agents, teachers, &c., reaches the large figure of £12,000, exclusive of their travelling expenses. The salaries of the Association secretaries are stated to be £1,175, and those of the London secretaries over £500. The large sums that are annually expended in this way have frequently attracted attention. Some years ago Dr. Maziere Brady, now a Catholic, but

then a Protestant clergyman in the diocese of Meath and chaplain to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, wrote a series of letters in which he exposed the hollowness of the whole system, and showed that a large body of men, simply made their living on the sums collected by the credulous throughout Great Britain. The position of the writer and the fact of his acquaintance as a clergyman with the working of the Society, gave additional force to his criticisms, and proved very detrimental to it; but it would seem that every year is now calculated to make its position less tenable and its operations more futile. Nothing can be more clear than that the people even of poverty-stricken Connaught will have nothing to do with men who, while they profess to teach truth, are ignorant of the first rudiments of the faith of a genuine Catholic. If this Society considers itself bound to enlighten the Catholics as to their faith, why does it confine its operations to the poor, and why do we find such a statement as the following in its Annual Report? "The dense population among whom the work is carried on embraces people of all classes (the nobility excepted)."<sup>1</sup> Why except the nobility, unless for fear of the reception it would get. The Society deliberately selects the poor and the illiterate because it feels that its only possible chance of producing any results will be in that quarter. In the face of the fact that many thinking and reading men, both in Ireland and England, are rejecting Protestantism as unscriptural and false, it would be dangerous to act otherwise.

The children of this world are in their generation undoubtedly wiser than the children of light. The breaking up of the Society and the closing of the missions would reduce the incomes of many hundreds of persons, and would entirely abolish those of others. It is therefore necessary to get up a cry of persecution in order that those Protestants who are easily deceived and ready to believe anything that tells against a Catholic, may come to the rescue and support a sinking institution. The Report states that in Dublin alone over fifteen hundred children receive instruction in the schools of the Society, a large number of whom are Catholics, and it is evident that wherever the Society has established schools, many thus attend.

Kindred associations more or less affiliated with the Irish Church Missions, such as "The Bird's Nest," "Ragged Boys' Home," "Luke Street Girls' Home," and "Townsend Street

<sup>1</sup> P. 34.

"Ragged Schools," do an infinity of mischief, and may all be designated as nests of proselytism. The Connemara Orphans' Nursery, also affiliated with the Irish Mission Society, begun in 1849, and supported by money collected by a committee of ladies (mostly English), is the destruction of many. Under the plea of raising homes and orphanages for destitute outcasts money has been frequently procured from persons who would refuse to subscribe for the furtherance of avowed proselytism. When once these institutions are founded they become centres of proselytism, and committees are formed who undertake to bring the children to the schools which are supported by the Society for Irish Church Missions. In this way many poor Catholic children are entrapped and educated in a religion to which their parents and relatives had always been opposed.

The riots that have taken place in the district of Connemara during the past year are evidence of great exasperation on the part of a people usually long-suffering, who have at length been goaded into retaliation. It is not a question of intolerance on the part of Catholics, as the Society is anxious to assert, but simply whether any body of men are to be allowed with impunity to insult the religion of the vast majority of those by whom they are surrounded. Where Protestants behave themselves with propriety there are no disturbances, but Catholics cannot and will not tolerate a system which seeks to make capital out of their poverty and misery. Wherever wealthy Catholics hear of the sufferings of their brethren in the Faith, they will come to the rescue, and insist on justice being fairly administered. The letter of the venerated Archbishop of Tuam<sup>1</sup> should be carefully studied by those who imagine that the question is unimportant, and they will see how necessary it is to come to the aid of the patriotic clergy of the west.

<sup>1</sup> St. Jarlath's, Tuam, April 24th.—Rev. Dear Sir,—I enclose my subscription of £5, to be handed to the treasurer of your committee, with a view of aiding and defending the inhabitants of the parish of Clifden charged with riot, or otherwise enduring hardship in defence of the sacred interests of religion and of holy faith. . . . We can no longer endure the efforts of a few hypocritical miscreants, who have been labouring incessantly for years, and who labour still, by bribery and corruption, to rob the poor people in some districts of the parish of Clifden of the faith which is dearer to them than their lives. Let these wretched emissaries of disorder pass across to England, and there spend their labour in the conversion of the religiously benighted people of that immoral land, and allow the simple and devoted people of the parish of Clifden to continue to practise, as they practised in the past—in a manner almost unknown in other countries—the sacred virtues of our holy religion,—I remain, rev. dear sir, faithfully yours,  JOHN, Archbishop of Tuam.—Rev. W. Rhatigan, C.C., Clifden.

Some specimens of the ludicrously ignorant and insulting placards and handbills which are distributed broadcast are here given.

Which is the old religion? Is not the religion taught in the Roman Catholic Bible older than the Immaculate Conception of 1854? and than the Papal Infallibility of 1871? "Do ye not therefore err because ye know not the Scriptures?" (St. Mark xii. 24). St. Paul saith, "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to spirits of error, forbidding to marry and commanding to abstain from meats" (1 Tim. iv 3). What Church has these marks?"

The day is happily gone by when educated Protestants can believe such statements as the following—

The children are growing up ignorant to the priest's desire, like the cattle on the neighbouring mountains (page 64, 30th Report).

Hundreds of people live and die ignorant of the Bible, perhaps never hearing the word *Bible* pronounced, and consequently ignorant of the Gospel plan of salvation (page 65).

Provided a Roman Catholic will go to Mass to hear a service that he cannot understand, he may live in ignorance of the simplest truths of the Gospel, indulge in the vices of the day, and die in worse than pagan darkness. He is the willing victim of falsehood, loves darkness rather than light, nor cares to ask, "Is there not a lie in my right hand?" (page 69).

Rome's design has ever been to hold her people in ignorance of Holy Scripture. This ignorance is the secret of her success. It is the ground on which she even builds her structure (page 28).

The unenlightened enthusiasts of Exeter Hall, whose whole creed consists of blind hatred of Rome, are, however, still influenced by this style of language, and veiled as they are by a thick cloud of darkness, become inspired with fresh hope, and contribute largely to the support of a body which professes to be the only one in Ireland that faithfully unmasks superstition and preaches a full Gospel. The Committee state that the Society of Irish Church Missions keep the deadly enemy of spiritual, social, and national liberty as far as possible from their councils, their homes, and their church. When asked for proofs of their success, and to produce their converts, they labour under great difficulties, and are generally compelled to point the inquirer's attention to other lands, to which they say the converts are obliged to go. They have likewise a great objection to give the names of those who are supposed to have renounced Catho-

licism, nominally for fear of persecution. This perpetual cry of persecution is convenient both as a cloak for the large stream of converts that the Society wishes to claim, and also as a stimulus to the British public to increase and continue their contributions.

The present Archbishop of Dublin has publicly stated that if Catholic children are permitted to remain even for three days in the schools of their Society it will require years to undo the mischief that will have been done in that short time. So seriously does the reverend prelate regard the work that is carried on. The late Cardinal Cullen spoke as follows in one of his pastorals on the same subject.

In a school not far from this city, instituted for the purpose of robbing Catholic children of their faith, children are taught to insult the pure Virgin to whom the Eternal Father committed the care of His only Son made Man. Our desire to promote her honour and glory ought to be increased when we consider the exertions that are being made by error and heresy to destroy all respect to the holy Mother of God.

The Society professes to have been instrumental in promoting the erection of 19 churches, 8 orphanages, 33 school-houses, whilst it now maintains 42 Sunday schools, 73 daily schools, 28 ordained clergymen, 184 teachers and Scripture readers, and 104 Irish text teachers. It also professes to visit 16,000 persons every month, but what precise meaning this word "visit" is intended to convey is not expressed. Nearly a million tracts and handbills, besides newspaper advertisements, are circulated annually throughout Ireland, the British Colonies, and America, the greater portion of which is probably used for wastepaper. The Society has managed to preserve to a very great extent the latent animosity of the Celt towards the Saxon, and may boast of having largely contributed to keep up the violence of party spirit throughout the country, whilst it has destroyed in the English themselves who support it the sense of justice. Anarchy, dissension, and confusion are the results of its progress, and many educated Protestants believe that it is doing more harm than good. Nevertheless, Protestant persons of note can write as follows:<sup>2</sup>

I have come to express the deep interest that I take in the Society, and the conviction that it is doing a Christian work (Protestant Primate of Ireland).

<sup>2</sup> See first page of 30th Annual Report Irish Church Missions for 1878, under head of "Testimonies."

I never would shrink on any fitting occasion from doing anything in my power to advocate so holy a cause. It is a work upon which the blessing of God has been vividly impressed (Protestant Bishop of Ripon).

The good that this Society has done cannot by any sane person be doubted (Late Protestant Bishop of Cork).

I feel thankful that I occupy the position of Bishop of the diocese in which the Irish Church Missions have been so eminently established (Late Protestant Bishop of Tuam).

I look upon the Society not only as a valuable assistant to the work of the Church in Ireland, but I believe it to be a valuable assistance to the State in the management of the government of Ireland (1871). When I consider what this Society has done, I see the greatest and strongest reason for gratitude to Almighty God (1877) (Earl Cairns, Lord Chancellor of Great Britain).

The importance of the statements made by Lord Cairns is greatly intensified by the fact of his position as Lord Chancellor, and when we find from the report that in addition to his annual subscription of £5, he gave a special donation of £30, we may safely conclude that his opinions on these matters have not altered.

If there be one delusion more ludicrous than another in the proceedings of the Society it is that regarding the Bible. It would be desirable for the Committee to study the writings of the late Cardinal Wiseman where he talks of the Sacred Scriptures and declares that Catholics refuse to yield to any Protestant in love and veneration for God's written word. He there writes: "The Bible has been the book of our predilection from earliest youth. . . . It has been the study of years. . . . Days and nights have been passed in collecting knowledge subservient to it, and we have read and written in defence of it. But instead of all this, and more leading us to believe that we had fathomed or measured it, it has only made us cling more and more to the inborn and instinctive wisdom of the mother's teaching as the safest guidance for the child. . . . The Holy Scripture *with* the Church is a book of life, but without her it may be a volume of death. For '*the letter killeth*,' and that alone does man possess without the spirit of life which she alone receives in the Apostles."<sup>3</sup>

It would be well for the host of teachers connected with this Society to read and ponder not only those words, but the words and writings of Cardinals Newman and Manning, the late Archbishop Dixon, and others, who speak in similar

<sup>3</sup> *Dublin Review*, vol. xxxiii. p. 220.

strains before they venture to traverse the country with a lie in their right hand. Unhappily all that is apparently required of them is a sufficient amount of Biblical phraseology to perfect them in cant, and a large supply of Bibles for distribution. In this way the very words of that Bible in which they profess to take delight are set at nought. "Are all apostles? are all prophets? are all doctors?" are the words of Scripture, but the Society teaches that every one is to be his own apostle, prophet, and doctor. Its motto is "an open Bible for every one." It is no part of our scheme here to elaborate proofs of the falsity of such teachers. It will suffice to say that the Church of God has always set her face against it, and that she is scarcely likely after an existence of eighteen centuries to quail in the fulfilment of her task in the presence of a few self-sent apostles who have thought fit to raise the cry of persecution against her.

HENRY BELLINGHAM.

*Anemone.*

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CHAPTER XLIII.

THE CHURCH DECORATIONS.

THE news of the death of her friend's father, and the thought of all the changes and trials which it might involve for the widow and orphans at the Vicarage, were quite enough to engross Emily's tender heart for the greater part of the day on which she received the letters of which mention has been made. The news about her own home was not less exciting, though its effect was bewilderingly pleasant. As soon as she was allowed by her friends she took refuge in solitude and silence. And she was allowed to spend the greater part of the forenoon undisturbed. Then first Florence and afterwards Bertha Moore came to sit with her, and the arrangements about her speedy departure from Flaxhead were discussed. As to these she was dependent, she said, on Charlie. He had had a note from his father, enjoining on him to bring his sister home as soon as was possible. In fact, there was but little choice. The next day was Christmas Eve, and it could only be by starting that next morning that they could reach Osminster in time for the festival. The day after Christmas Day was Sunday, and the funeral of Mr. Barker was so early in the next week that they could not delay longer than the Monday. It was the desire of every one at Flaxhead, not to speak of Spanmore Lodge, that they should not travel till the Monday. But Friday was still possible. The question was anxiously canvassed. Mr. Charlie suddenly became important. He had it in his power to be agreeable or the reverse, and he was just at that time on the high horse. He had not been treated at all as he wished by Florence, and now he could make her and others wince a little if he chose. Emily was quite sure to make no resistance to any plan that he might propose. It was a strong temptation to him to give himself airs.

Bertha talked to Emily as if she had known her all her life. She let her tell out her grief about Janie and the others, and then she led her to the happiness which seemed to be awaiting her at her own home. All these good people were sound Anglicans, and perhaps if they had heard of the "perversion," as they called it, of some indifferent person, they would have censured her, and spoken of her ingratitude and the like. But the simple fact that Alice had had to suffer, and especially in the matter of her children, was enough to put them all on her side. The little note from Alice had only contained a few lines of love, and was written in the simplest certainty that Emily's sympathies were with her. It was read over and over again by Bertha and Florence, and it produced almost as many tears of joy as the letter from Jane caused tears of condolence. In all this Lady Susan shared. She had never seen Alice, or even sent her many messages, but she sat down that afternoon and wrote her a cordial affectionate letter, and felt all the better for it.

Bertha passed from her conference with Emily to another long interview with Bertram. That young gentleman was in a somewhat disconsolate mood, and he was hardly comforted when his infallible cousin assured him that he must leave Emily alone for the present, as her mind was too full to have any new subject broached.

"Besides sir," she said, "it would be uncanny altogether to mix up plans for future happiness with the tears she is shedding now."

Bertram did not quite see it; but he had so much confidence in Bertha that he acquiesced in her advice, at least, for the moment.

So great was her influence on this brother and sister that one of the matters as to which he had determined not to make up his own mind without her counsel was the offer which he was desirous of making to Emily. Whether he will irretrievably lose caste with a certain class of our readers, for his dependence on the advice of another in the question in which so much of his happiness was concerned, we cannot say. So it was, however. Bertha had been duly consulted, and she made up her mind with a swiftness of decision which had highly delighted Bertram. He had also sounded his uncle, and had found that the old gentleman was quite willing to help him in the most material manner, and that Emily, could she be persuaded to

consent, would be received by him as a daughter and the future lady of Spanmore Lodge.

Everything was so promising! Had Emily herself any idea of what was in the minds of her friends? That is another question. She was delighted with them all. She showed her delight and confidence in the simplest and most open manner, and Bertram had never found her unwilling to listen to him or to take his opinion. Her unconsciousness was one of her great charms. She seemed to have no idea that any one could admire or value her. She took all she received in the way of attention or homage with an air of gratitude and wonder. But the interior feelings of Miss Westmore were still a secret which the young gentleman who was so desirous of making her his wife had not as yet fathomed. It must be supposed that he did not think himself altogether without hope of success.

"When must they go?" asked Bertram, at last.

"Well, that seems to depend on her brother. They need not go till Monday, really, but he seems to have taken it into his head to start to-morrow morning."

"I'll speak to him," said Bertram.

"Better trust to Lady Susan," said his cousin. Then it was agreed that Bertha herself should speak to Lady Susan. She might be able to hint how matters were with Bertram better than he could himself. Bertram fell in with Charlie that morning in the billiard-room, but he could make nothing of him. He seemed hopelessly sulky, and his friend left him to himself. It was a pity that Emily should have such a brother, he thought—all the more, as she was so evidently ready to be his devoted slave. Would it not be a good work to rescue her from such influences? But the cause for Charlie's ill temper was not very far to seek.

The desire to retain Emily as long as possible was not confined to Bertram and his cousin. Florence was as anxious as he was that he should have his opportunity before Emily's departure, and it need hardly be said that the brave young knight, Moore *major*, was in a state of despair at the prospect of losing the lady of his devotion a moment sooner than was absolutely necessary. The younger members of the party which was assembled at Flaxhead on that morning when the letter came summoning Emily home, held a solemn consultation as to the measures which were to be adopted to retard the parting. Somehow they found out that it would depend in great measure

upon Charlie, and he became for the time the object of delicate attentions to which he had hitherto been unaccustomed. Unfortunately the prayers which were addressed to him were not so skilfully framed as not to give him plain intimation that he was wanted rather for his sister's sake than for his own. It was always "Miss Westmore," or "Emily," according to the person who approached him as a suppliant, and there was very little about himself. This might have been tolerable; but the great crowning offence to Master Charlie's pride came by accident from the hand of Florence Spanmore. The girls, her cousins, got about him, and in the course of their supplications one of them blurted out that Florence wished so much that he would stay. Florence was present, and looked up in surprise. It was a very innocent remark, but she had her own reasons for not wishing it to be misunderstood. That very morning Charlie had been foolish enough to sport some of his nonsense with her. Now he was still more foolish.

"Florence wants me to stay, does she?" he said to the little girl. He pretended not to see that Florence was close by. "She can ask me herself, if she likes."

"Mr. Westmore," said the young lady, "we shall all deeply regret any decision of yours which separates us from your sister a moment before she is forced to go."

She took up her work and left the drawing-room. Charlie immediately went off to Emily. She had better pack up as fast as she could, they should leave as early as possible the following morning.

It was after this that Bertram fell in with Charlie, as has been said. It was an idle do-nothing morning for the young gentlemen, who were rather left out in the cold, except that Bertha took care to have her talk with Bertram. It still wanted an hour of luncheon, and, as the rain had lifted, Bertram strolled down to the side of the lake, and then on along one of the holly walks for which Flaxhead was famous. Bertram was not so unlucky, after all, that dripping morning. The rain had ceased, indeed, but there was dampness and dropping all around. As he strolled on he heard a light step behind him, which suddenly stopped short. He turned round and saw Emily. The good girl had promised that some holly and laurel should be sent to the little church for decorations for the Christmas, and had ventured out as soon as the clouds held up to look for one of the gardeners to ask him to cut them. She had arranged it all

with Lady Susan the day before, but she had thought of it suddenly as she was setting about her own preparations for packing, and had determined to do that little bit of piety herself, as far as she could. In a moment Bertram had taken her hand kindly and was speaking of her grief.

She poured herself out to him about Mr. Barker's kindness and goodness, and about Jane and the other children. He listened kindly, still holding her hand, and then thanked her for letting him share her sorrow. "I shall know them all some day, I hope," he said.

"Oh yes, you would like them so much. You know, we are going to-morrow," she said, "and I have so much kindness to thank you for."

"Kindness, indeed!" he said, "not kindness that was not kind to myself. It is you that have been kind. But I hope you may still stay till Monday. There is no real reason for going to-morrow, is there? It is only Charlie's fancy. Anyhow, we shall meet again before long, I think. But what are you here for now? Perhaps I can help you; you are looking for some one."

She told him her errand, and he gladly undertook to seek the gardener for her.

She still hesitated. "Or, if you will let me," said Bertram, "we will go together to look for the gardener. Probably you will like to give your orders yourself."

Emily made no objection, but the gardener was not very easy to find. They wandered on and on, and perhaps, for some little time, forgot what they were in search of. If people ever want to spend half an hour in a bootless search, they may as well imitate Bertram and Emily, in looking all over a place for a gardener who has just gone home for his dinner. This does not seem to have struck our young friends at the time.

Ten minutes after Emily had left the house, one of the little girls, who had seen her pass in the passage, told the gallant Moore that she had gone out to the side of the lake. The young gentleman immediate started in pursuit, but he was unsuccessful.

It must be supposed that the gardener was found, for a goodly supply of holly and other evergreens was certainly sent down to the little church that afternoon.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

## MY LADY'S LECTURE.

BUT there was one person at Flaxhead without whom no one could do anything, and Master Charlie had not yet reckoned with Lady Susan. It was said at luncheon that Charlie had issued his orders to Emily to prepare for an immediate departure. Lady Susan said nothing, but after the meal was over she summoned him to her boudoir. She had always been extremely kind to this young gentleman, but she had let him see very plainly that he must not give himself airs. On the present occasion she began by being more affable than ever, but after a few minutes of ordinary conversation she suddenly turned upon him.

"What is the matter, Charlie? Has Florence been snubbing you, or what?"

He protested that what Miss Spanmore said or thought was a matter of complete indifference to him. But he thought his father would wish them to go home as fast as possible, and that the journey on the Friday would be the most complete fulfilment of his wishes.

Lady Susan smiled quietly. "You do not suppose," she said, "that your father would trust Emily to me for so long, and then deprive me of her for a day or two more, if I made a point of it? You do not know what he has said to me," she continued. "Here is his letter. 'We are anxious, of course, now,' he says, 'to have Emily at home, but we would not derange any plans of yours or put you to inconvenience by a sudden departure. Alice is longing for her, but we owe you too much to take the exact moment of her leaving Flaxhead out of your hands. I gather from her notes to me that you have been even kinder to her than I could have hoped.'"

"There, sir," said Lady Susan. "I have a great mind to pack you off by yourself, and send some one else home with Emily next week. But I shan't do so. She wants to be at the funeral of her friend's father, and so she must go on Monday. You can stay, if you like, or go, if you like. But now seriously, Charlie—has Florence been snubbing you? You can trust me as your best friend. Do you think I haven't seen your little game—as well as something else. Do you really mean that you were not going off in a huff?"

Charlie was obliged to confess that he had been put out. "She's so unlike other girls," he said. "One can't say a word to her but she's angry."

"She pays you a great compliment, young man, if she treats you as you have never been treated before. Is that a sign of a want of interest in you? No, sir—it is only a sign that she's a good girl, and deals with your nonsense as it ought to be dealt with."

Charlie murmured something to the effect that he did not mean it for nonsense.

"I wish you did not," said Lady Susan. "I wish you were in earnest enough with such a girl as Florence, as not to mean to play with her and flirt with her, if she would let you, and nothing more. She's a girl that is worth winning, and the mere pursuit of her would do you good. It would give you an object to live for, outside the mere passing day after day in idleness and self-indulgence. She would raise you, even before you won her, and more after you had won her."

"If there was a chance of winning her, Lady Susan," he said, "I would do anything in the world."

"Fine words!" said the lady—"but have you ever thought of her or any one else, except for your own amusement? Do you think I do not know the sort of life that you young gentlemen of the day lead in your lodgings or chambers in London? Is it not one pleasure and one toy after another? And what is a nice girl whom you may happen to meet in the country, but a refreshing change after the miserable empty-headed creatures on whom you spend your time in town? No doubt they are not like Florence. They take your words and attentions as a part of the game, and play with you as you play with them. If you have anything to say to Florence Spanmore, it must be with the grave purpose of winning her to give you her heart, and being ready to spend your life upon her. She is too young yet to marry, but she has sense enough not to flirt. She belongs to a set of which you have little knowledge, though it would be the making of you to be worthy of her. Now tell me, Charlie—would you like Emily to accept from any one the sort of nonsense which you have been playing off upon Florence?"

Charlie was caught now. He had no idea that he was going to be lectured in this way when he entered the boudoir, which till lately had been decorated by not very unexceptionable prints and books. He thought he might ride off on Bertram's

example. "Emily doesn't mind the attentions she receives from Bertram," he said, "and I see no reason against it."

"Yes," said the lady, "but Bertram knows how to behave himself. He has never, I am sure, said a word to Emily of all that nonsense which you are so free with to Florence, or any one else that you may chance to come across. Bertram is in earnest, as I dare say we shall see before we are many days older. But you—were you ever in earnest with a girl in your life?"

It was a hard charge, and Charlie thought it unfair. In a certain sense, it was unfair as to his attentions to Florence. He had never been so much attached before, and he had a sort of vague reverence for this girl, which gave an earnestness to his thoughts about her which was a new phenomenon in the mental history of Master Charlie. But his vanity was great, and vain people are always foolish. Then, it must be said, that he had had bad experience. He was made a good deal of in his own set in London, and the young ladies with whom his time was spent there had little of sterling value about them. He had never been spoken to in this way before.

"Lady Susan," he said at last, "at all events I am in earnest now. I have been in a poor lot, perhaps, and have got foolish ways. If you will tell me how to do better, perhaps I might improve. You have always been as kind to me as if you were—my elder sister."

"Why don't you say mother at once, you foolish boy? Of course I wish at least to be kind to you—why else should I take the trouble to scold you? Perhaps I shouldn't, if you hadn't come across me to-day about my pet Emily. I have nearly accomplished my task with her, and you want to thwart me just at the critical moment! Well, sir, as to yourself, if you want to make yourself acceptable to Florence, you must leave off two things. You must leave off your flirting ways, and you must not be such a goose as you are about matters of religion."

"Matters of religion!" said Charlie—"I assure you, Lady Susan, there isn't a young man I know—except Bertram—who thinks anything of talking in that way. Even half the Oxford men I know don't think that the soul lives after this life. It's all a matter of physical impressions—conscience, and the rest of it. Of course it's right to be good—and some of the best men I know, the men who go and work for the relief of the poor, and so on, are men who believe nothing. Morality is so beautiful in itself, that it is our duty to be moral and virtuous and bene-

volent, for the sake of being so, not because we shall be punished because we are not. It's quite certain that we are developed out of apes. It's quite certain that the Jewish account of the creation is a myth. It's quite certain there can be no such thing as a miracle. Everything goes by the immutable laws of nature. The whole secret of nature will soon be discovered—you have heard of the *Bathybius*—”

“ Heard of fiddlestick ! ” said the lady. “ I know one thing well enough—that we should not care for all this trash that people talk if there were not a good many of us who will see no particular beauty about goodness and benevolence unless it is their duty to be good, and it's not very difficult to see that it can't be a duty to be good, unless there is some One Who makes it our duty, and unless we are such creatures as to be capable of duty. I'd as soon hand myself over to the tender mercies of a Turk or to the Emperor, or whatever he's called, of Burmah, as to one of your fine modern gentlemen who are only bundles of impressions and who go by immutable laws of matter. I'm a poor Babylonian myself, I fear,” she said, sadly, “ but I've common sense enough to see what these people are at. It's morality they are attacking, not religion. Thank you, Charlie, I should say, I prefer a man who has a conscience.”

Charlie in vain tried to persuade the good lady that his friends were most conscientious men. But, in fact, he had taken up his ideas without much reflection, and only sported them as an excuse for the neglect of the religious practices in which he had been brought up. He had fallen in with men cleverer than himself, but even they had never thought out the conclusions as to which they talked with so grand an air of certainty. They knew that some of the so-called “prophets” of the day, men of science and the like, had started theories which seemed to tend to conclusions against faith and religion, which were very convenient for persons who liked to lead licentious lives. The masters hinted at the theories, and the rising generation seemed with ready disciples.

Charlie went on a little longer, repeating what he had heard, rather than uttering his own conclusions. “ The men we follow, Lady Susan, are very good people, they are virtuous and charitable to the poor. They cannot help the facts which they come across in their investigations of the laws of nature. They would be the last men in the world to wish to see their teaching lead to the neglect of morality.”

"My dear boy," she said, "I know nothing of them, and so I have no right to speak against them. They may be holy men, for all I know. But I don't think they can be. But they are teachers of the present generation of young men, as it seems, and the question is, what their teaching leads to? What does it lead to in the young men you are speaking of? What does it lead to in yourself? Or rather, I suppose it does not lead to anything—but it gives you an answer to the reproaches of your conscience when you go wrong. 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.' Any one can understand that doctrine. And it is a very comfortable one for persons who want, not only to eat and drink, but to enjoy all the pleasures of life, whether good or evil. The question is not what the masters are, but what the pupils are, Master Charlie. And I dare say you could tell me a good deal more that I should like to hear about these same pupils."

She was hitting him a great deal harder than she thought. The last few weeks which he had passed in London had been the worst he had ever spent. He had got into an entanglement out of which he did not see his way at all, and he knew that if his father heard of it, he would take the most severe measures. Some fresh money difficulties were impending also. There are always older men in the sort of society in which Charlie had got to move, who are on the look out for prey in the shape of young gentlemen like him. He had been led, not exactly to gamble, as he thought, but to play cards a great deal more than he could afford, considering that some of his acquaintance "lived," as it is said, "by their whist." Altogether poor Charlie was very much at Lady Susan's mercy, and his conscience was far too well informed to make it comfortable for him to listen to her sermon. But he returned to the charge once more, and this time it was by alleging the example of those who ought to have known better, for they had had unspeakable advantages, which he had not had.

"Some of the best young men in London, or who ought to be the best," he said, "Lady Susan, are just of my way of thinking."

"Your way of acting, you mean," she said, rather fiercely. "Who are these excellent young gentlemen, I should like to know?"

Then he named this one, who was the son of a Protestant Bishop, and another, whose father was a great High Church

leader. More than that, he went on into a still more select camp, and named young Clitheroe, and young Wisbeach, and young Accrington, the heirs of well-known names among the old Catholic families of England. They had had grandfathers who had been the ornaments of the small Catholic body, in the days when to be a Catholic was to be a social pariah, but, at the same time, a man who practised his religion devoutly in spite of ridicule, and was ready for any sacrifice in the service of the Church. There had been members of their families in the days of persecution, who had died on the scaffold or on the gallows at Tyburn, for the faith which St. Augustine brought from Rome to England, and now the bearers of these names were the silliest and most frivolous of worldlings, if they were not the most reckless of gamblers or profligates.

"One of the —'s told me the other day," he said, "that if he could believe anything, he should stick to his old faith, but that the light of modern science was too strong for him."

"The light of modern science!" she cried, indignantly—"what has modern science done, that it should have to answer for all the licentiousness of a set of children who never read nor think? Well, as for your Catholic friends, I only wonder they dare to bear the names they do. But you know as well as I do, that they are exceptions among their own people. So are others. If you do not know more young men like Bertram, it is not because there are not more to know. And after all, dear boy," she added, relentlessly, "we need not go to the Papists for our examples. I'm not going to make you go to confession to me, but I think you have been running a little wild, and your silly way of going on with any girl you come across confirms me in that opinion. We began about Florence Spanmore, and I don't know how we have got to all this. If you really wish to win a girl like that, you must behave like a man and make yourself worthy of her. But now, as we have touched on all these matters, let me ask you one thing more." Then she paused. "Charlie, you may be in need of help. Can I do anything for you? Boys like you get into scrapes, and would often be glad enough to be out of them, but they can't get out, for want of a little help. Now you know that what I say, I will do. I am going to make you a Christmas present. I've plenty of money at the bankers, and I want to do some good with it. Let me help you if you are in any trouble."

"You are too kind, Lady Susan." But he said no more.

"Come, I see how it is," she said. "Well, I shall ask no questions, Charlie. Promise me one thing. Go now, and think over what you want to get you out of this trouble—whatever it is. Give yourself a little margin, only be sure that the thing is done completely. Let me have the satisfaction of setting one person at least quite free from the toils. And then, dear boy, see if you cannot begin again. You don't really believe all the nonsense you have been spouting, any more than I do."

He was beginning to make professions of his purposes of amendment, but she stopped him.

"Think a little more, Charlie, and don't waste yourself in words. There—now I must finish my letter to your good father."

It is needless to say that after this there was no more doubt that the departure of the brother and sister was to be deferred till Monday.

Lady Susan sat musing after Charlie had left her. "Poor Susan!" she said to herself, "you have tried to do one good thing at all events. Why is it that we always expect the Catholics to set us the best of examples? They are the best and the worst—when they are bad, there is no measure in their badness. Can Alice have been right, after all?"

Her letter to the Archdeacon was soon despatched. She congratulated him heartily on his new happiness at home. Then she spoke very kindly of Charlie, but her enthusiasm was reserved for Emily. "She has been an angel in my house," she said, "but I ought to tell you, my dear Charles, that there are other people who think her an angel besides myself. What should you say to me, if I sent her home with serious prospects of having soon to leave it again? Of course she has said nothing herself about a certain Mr. Spanmore—the nephew of my esteemed neighbour whom you met here last summer. Well, he's a very good young fellow, and will be the heir to his uncle's property. You might go further and fare worse. But I must not interfere more with what Emily may have to tell you for herself."

## CHAPTER XLV.

## TO THE RESCUE.

THE worthy Mrs. Storrs was not very long in discerning that the society of Father Laurence had attractions for Anemone, which were hardly to be accounted for except on the hypothesis that there was between them some strong sympathy on matters of religion. It was all very well to go and attend on the Father as long as he could be considered a patient under her charge. But as soon as the Archdeacon and Alice had left Merchester, and the Father had been transferred to the Presbytery, there was no longer so much reason for the visits from the "Hospital." She found out, however, that the nuns could not even tend their priests for themselves, and that the resources of the Presbytery and the Convent taken together were not enormous. She immediately took on herself the care of the food and medicines with which the good Father was to be supplied, and she had nothing for it but to insist on accompanying Anemone in her walks to the Presbytery. As to separating the young lady from the dangerous influences which seemed to surround her, Mrs. Storrs was only partially successful. Anemone made no secret at all of her desire to consult Father Laurence as to her own concerns, and there was no more to be said. So Mrs. Storrs bethought herself of calling in the aid of others who might be more powerful in their influence with this wayward girl than herself. She wrote to John at Woodsgore, telling him what had happened, and how much she feared for the peace of the family, and for Anemone herself, if this influence was allowed to grow. Mrs. Storrs was before all things, or almost all things, a lady. She could not do what others would have done, tell Anemone that as long as she was under her roof she must have no dealings with the Catholic Presbytery. She did not even give her a hint that her stay had exceeded her welcome. She simply called in the aid of the secular arm in the person of John Wood.

It would have been in ordinary cases quite enough for John to write to his sister and say that they could not spend their Christmas without her, and thus gently force her to come home at once. But the whole family at Woodsgore was instinctively alarmed—and the alarm which such persons feel at the approach of the "Roman danger" is of a sort which suggests the strongest

possible measures. John was determined to set off and fetch Anemone home. It would involve a little despatch in travelling, for, though Woodsgore was not many hours distant from Merchester, the time was very short on account of the near approach of the feast. John started the same day of the arrival of Mrs. Storrs' missive, and was in Merchester that night.

The train by which he had to travel waited for the down train from London at a small junction, from which the line through Merchester branched off, and John was astonished to see that this train, when it stopped to transfer its passengers to the branch line, contained no less a friend of his own than Geoffrey Arden, who got into the same carriage without seeing where he was going. They greeted one another cordially, and John soon found out that Geoffrey was bound to the same place with himself. The news of the little accident to Father Laurence had reached him in town from a minor canon of the Cathedral, who had found out the strange gentleman's name and rank. He thought that it might be of importance to Geoffrey, and wrote to him at once. Geoffrey had no idea that his uncle was in England. But the movements of Father Laurence had always been so hidden from his family, that nothing surprised him. He was intensely glad of an opportunity of doing anything in the way of care or help that his uncle might require. And without more ado, he put off the friends with whom he had engaged to spend his Christmas, and started off for Merchester. The friend to whom he owed the information had written again to say that he understood that the accident had resulted in no material hurt, and that Mr. Arden might be quite sure that his uncle was in good hands. This did not stop Geoffrey, and thus it came to pass that these two gentlemen arrived at Merchester on the evening of the day before Christmas Eve.

They found their way to the Presbytery, but the servant said that the strange priest, whom she did not at first know under the various names by which the visitors applied for him, was in the little chapel, and that he was not to be disturbed. The two friends betook themselves to the hotel, and were soon comfortable enough over the best dinner that the establishment could provide. John put off his visit to Anemone till later in the evening. It was a godsend to him to find himself in the company of Geoffrey, for whom Anemone had so much respect and regard, and who would, as he thought, prove the most potent of auxiliaries in counteracting the danger of which there was fear. The

situation was curious. The person from whom the danger was to come was the uncle and benefactor of the ally who was to be called in, and the young lady who was to be rescued was intended by her family to become the reward of the preserver.

It was not long before Géoffrey and John understood one another so far as concerned the object of the latter in coming to Merchester. Geoffrey began by expressing his great surprise that Anemone should be thought to be in danger of becoming a Romanist. He had himself helped her on the road in many important ways, and now he was surprised to find that she had moved on in the direction which his remarks had so often led her to think the right one. We are not bound to account for this—but the fact constantly meets us in the history of such cases. Let us hope that all the involuntary apostles of Catholicism are as simple and straightforward in their intentions as Geoffrey Arden had been.

"Your sister," said Geoffrey to John Wood, "is as honest and as open as the day. She has always been good and faithful to her duties, and her conscience is as pure as the snow. She is a strong character, because she is so simple. I do not see how she can have picked up this inclination for Romanism, but she may be trusted to do nothing imprudently or hastily. If you can convince her that she is wrong, well and good—but if you do not convince her, it will be of no use to try to intimidate her, or even to coax her."

"But it must be wrong, Geoffrey," said John. "It must be wrong. Everybody knows that it's all superstition and delusion—all trickery and imposture. We have all that we can want in our own Church. Anemone is in the hands of designing persons, who will compass sea and land to make one proselyte."

"Whom they go on then to make twofold more the child of Hell than themselves? John," said his friend, "remember you are speaking of my uncle, who had only to hold up his finger and he might now be the possessor of all our property."

"But he is under guidance," said John. "He's obliged to do what he can to advance the cause."

"Well—he might have advanced it by making himself a rich man. And now, do you think he came down to Merchester and fell down in a faint or a fit for the sake of catching Anemone?"

"Of course I don't mean anything against him," said John. "It's a great system."

"If it is, it is not very cleverly managed sometimes," said

the other, contemptuously. "Of all the bunglers in the world, sometimes—well, but now, as to this business, what are you going to do?"

"I am going to take my sister off the first thing in the morning," said John.

"Well, and when you've taken her off, what do you mean to do next? Do you mean to lock her up, like the new Archdeacon, of whom we were all talking the other day? I suppose, John, Anemone will go home with you, but what will be the use, if her mind is made up? She has a right to her own opinions, as much as any one of us—that's our principle, isn't it? And do you think you will make her less inclined to Romanism than she was before, by bullying her? You ought to know her better than I do, but I know her well enough—and if I know anything about her, it is that she will walk straight on all her life in the path which she thinks the right one. You had better not lose your hold on her, if you want her not to leave us. She will never yield to force, and I don't say she will yield to tenderness, but that is the only thing there's any chance of her yielding to. But after all, John, suppose she's bent on this step, as you imagine—why should you be so miserable about it? Perhaps you can't prevent it, perhaps you can, by making her unhappy—but why should you? It seems to me," said Geoffrey, "that the converts are the happiest people among us, with all their sufferings. I can't be one myself; but if I could believe it all, I would directly. And, as to stopping Anemone, if her happiness depended on it, I would as soon think of pushing her back into the water when she was drowning, instead of helping her out."

Poor John was at his wit's ends. He had hoped so much from this unexpected appearance of Geoffrey on the scene of action. He felt his own intellectual inferiority keenly. If he was ready to storm and scold and use strong measures with Anemone, it was partly because he could do nothing else. Here was a man who was brimful of cleverness and logic. He knew more about Romanism than the whole family at Woods-gore put together. He wasn't a parson—John somehow didn't trust parsons—and he had an immense personal influence with Anemone, not to say, personal interest in her. And now he was almost going over to her side himself! it was very hard.

He spoke almost angrily. "I thought you would be willing to help me."

"I'll help you with all my heart, but you must let me do it in the way that I think right. I will talk with Anemone, if you like—but I have told you what I think. If you will be fair with her and fair with my uncle, I will see what can be done, either to prevent this, or to get it done in the best and safest way. But I am against all coercion. Now, if you are to see Anemone to-night, you had better not delay—only, John," he said, "pray don't let her be under any mistake about me. Let her know, if you mention my name at all, that I have come down without knowing that she is here, simply because I heard of my uncle's accident."

So it was agreed between the gentlemen. John was half ashamed to tell Anemone that he had come to fetch her home by force—but she soon found out the whole of the facts. She said she should be very glad to see Geoffrey the next morning, but that as to going home at once, she was not quite sure whether she could promise that. John was struck with her decision and firmness, and with a certain extra affectionateness, which was something unusual, even in Anemone.

Only two whole days had passed since Alice and the Archdeacon had left Merchester, and during this time Anemone had not seen the Father more than three times. And yet the affair of her conversion was really as far advanced as John and the others at Woodsgore had supposed. Instinct is a strange guide in these matters. They had very little tangible to go by, and yet they divined what was in their sister's mind quite as accurately as she knew it herself. Catholicism is a power unlike anything else in the world, and those who are outside the pale of the Church are constantly witnessing to this truth in a thousand different ways. John had not exaggerated the state of the case when he made up his mind to set out and bring Anemone home by force of arms. Father Laurence had talked with her a very short time before he found out that, with her, it was the simple question which it ought always to be—where is the Church? She had no difficulties about the details of doctrine, though as to this she was not nearly so well-informed as Alice had been. It is very likely, indeed, that the Archdeacon himself knew a great deal more about the points of doctrine mentioned in what is called the Creed of Pius the Fourth than Anemone knew. She had never found much difficulty in the simple but cold forms of worship in which she had been brought up. She had fed her soul on the treasures of Christian truth and devotion

which the Anglican system has derived from Catholicism, and had never troubled herself about the controversial position of the communion in which she lived. She had seldom even read the Thirty-nine Articles. She was puzzled at the rubric in which the true Presence of the Body of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist is denied, but as long as she was allowed to kneel and worship, she did not mind rubrics. This had been her state of mind till the questions of the day were more or less forced upon her, and then she began to feel that truth had certain claims which were paramount.

We have already seen how she had been helped on her road, by no one more than by Geoffrey Arden. He had especially helped her to the principle of settling everything by the decision as to the true and one Church. The Father had a very easy task indeed in showing her where alone that Church could be. In that point, to her, everything else was included.

That afternoon Anemone had asked him when she might be received. He had always told her that nothing must be done in a hurry, and now she had begun to entreat him that it might be soon.

"I must go home," she said, "and I had rather tell them there that I am a Catholic, than that I am going to be a Catholic. I believe with all my heart—why may not I have at once the grace which I ask?"

Still Father Laurence hesitated. She knelt down by his side, and took his hand, and kissed it lightly. "Father," she said, "for the sake of God, let it be at once."

He withdrew his hand gently, and rubbed away the tears with which his eyes were filled. "I must say Mass on it first," he answered. "I am to say Mass to-morrow for the first time—at half-past seven. Come and pray during that Mass, and, after that, I will tell you when it shall be."

## *Catholic Review.*

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### I.—REVIEWS.

1. *Vie de Saint Paul.* Accompagnée d'une Analyse et d'une Etude Sommaire de ses Epîtres. Par l'Abbé Vix, Docteur en Théologie. Paris : Librairie Pousselgue Frères, 1879.

THIS single volume, of less than five hundred pages of not very small type, is worth a great deal more than the ponderous tomes which certain Anglican writers have devoted to the same subject. We have spoken more than once of the shallowness of books like the popular work of Messrs. Conybeare and Howson, in which it seemed to be considered of more importance to ascertain the exact number of fathoms of water now to be found in some bay in which St. Paul's ship anchored or went aground, than the meaning of some difficult passage in one of his Epistles. We have had views enough of Tarsus and Iconium and the Areopagus and of St. Paul's Bay at Malta, but few honest attempts to place before the English public a work which might make the study of the Epistles and whole teaching of St. Paul more easy. We shall not speak, in our present number, of the new work on the great Apostle of the Gentiles which Messrs. Cassell and Galpin have just published. These gentlemen are great caterers to the public taste, and they probably know well enough what that taste will bear. Having been very successful with a *Life of Christ*, of which one of its Protestant critics said that it was written in the style of a correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, they have determined to try the same popular pen on the *Life and Work of St. Paul*.

We shall speak of this work in our next issue. In the meantime we can only say that Canon Farrar has not made us think that we have no need in English for works such as that which now lies before us. It has no pretence to any qualities which might make it acceptable to the sensational reader. It is concise, and by no means rhapsodical. We are more inclined to find fault with it for what it does not say than for what it

does. It restores, if we may so speak, the balance between St. Paul's words and his works, which is so uniformly distorted in English books on the Apostle. Nearly half its chapters are devoted to an analysis of the Epistles, in which, after all, it is that the true student of St. Paul will seek for the treasures of his mind and heart. And beyond all, the author has studied Catholic theology, which is the best interpretation of the mind of the Apostle, before he has thought himself capable of interpreting that mind.

No doubt there are a thousand depths in the writings of St. Paul which such a writer must leave unfathomed. He is to give a summary account, where he would gladly linger long enough to spend on a single text or argument the time that has been consumed in the composition of his entire work. The praise that can be earned by a work like the present is, that it is entirely good as far as it goes—that it will enable its readers to form a general conception of the Apostle and his work which, although general, shall be, in its way, not inadequate—that it arranges the events of his life in their right order, and gives their due proportion to the questions which he had to deal with and the struggles he had to undertake—that it places him before us as he stood before the Church of his day, in his due relation to the Apostles who had been the immediate disciples of our Lord while on earth, to Peter and John and James, and the rest—that it leaves untouched none of the difficulties which have been raised, with any amount of reason, as to this or that feature in his career, but rather makes the difficulties themselves, as in the case of his reproof of St. Peter, or of his different conduct at various times as to the observance of the Jewish law, subservient to the formation of a more complete picture of the man—and that it deals with the critical questions which may be or have been raised as to his Epistles, not, indeed, exhaustively, for that would require a style of work different from that of this volume, but sufficiently to give a satisfactory account of the view which the author has taken of those questions.

These are some of the things which we should be glad to be able to say of any work like that before us. We say them heartily with regard to the present work. It shows good scholarship, good theology, soundness of judgment, and a large acquaintance with the literature of the subject—an acquaintance which will be recognized as such by Biblical scholars, although

it is by no means ostentatiously exhibited by the author. The style is pleasant and flowing, and we can wish few things better for the French Church and clergy, than that it should be true that this volume is a fair specimen of the average state of learning and scholarship on the other side of the channel. We may add—as these are days in which not even the most important subjects can hope for attention, unless they are treated in a way that does not require too much exertion of mind in the reader—that the book is not by any means a hard morsel for digestion. It is very interesting and very clearly written. We do not say anything about its being “adapted to the meanest capacity,” or fit for the class of readers who require that what is set before them should have “nothing in it.” But to ordinary readers who, by way of a change, may like to get some good knowledge of so very out of the way a matter as the life and work of St. Paul, we can sincerely recommend a trial of the volume of which we are speaking, promising them that they will find that the author has been considerate enough to present a serious subject in a lively and graceful manner.

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2. *Other Gospels; or, Lectures on St. Paul's Epistles to the Galatians.* By William Humphrey, of the Society of Jesus. London: Burns and Oates. 1879.

This little volume embodies the substance of some lectures delivered by the author in the churches of the Society of Jesus in Edinburgh and Oxford. It is well known that the Society has from the beginning of its existence encouraged the practice of giving Biblical lectures in its churches. These lectures form a prominent part of the work of the preachers of the Society in foreign countries; if we should not rather say, used to form such a part in the Catholic countries abroad while those churches remained. Many very interesting and very learned volumes have thus been composed, and we should be glad to see the custom followed out in England and Ireland. Such lectures could probably be given without much difficulty in many of our principal towns in other churches besides those of the Society; and in the present day, and in the midst of a population which knows a good deal of the text of Scripture, and is easily interested in Scriptural discussions and arguments, it is probable that not Catholics only, but a considerable number of Protestants would be attracted to such lectures.

Father Humphrey has not had time to make his lectures

into anything like a commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians. That Epistle has a twofold character, for it is extremely important as containing a great number of statements of St. Paul concerning his own apostolate and mission, and it also treats, though not so fully as the Epistle to the Romans, of the great question of justification by faith, and of the relation of the Jewish law to the Gospel. To exhaust the subject-matter of such an Epistle the preacher must be able to continue his discourses either during the days of the week as well as on the Sundays, or during a large number of consecutive Sundays. Moreover, the treatment of dogmatical and personal questions, such as those which relate to the Apostolate of St. Paul, in a sermon, and before a promiscuous audience, must of necessity be more or less diffuse. It cannot be expected that such an audience can carry away a long and close line of argument, embracing many difficult questions, at a time. For this reason any one who looks for a complete account of the Epistle to the Galatians in this little volume will be disappointed. Father Humphrey confines himself to certain main points of argument, and on these he throws a great amount of concentrated theological learning. These four lectures or chapters, therefore, must be considered as giving heads for thought and argument. They could hardly be read with full profit by any one who treated them as ordinary sermons. To those, on the other hand, who will take them up and go through them thoughtfully and thoroughly, we can promise a great amount of instruction as well as of pleasure. There is no ornament, no rhetoric ; but the outline of a great and very effective argument is given, and we should be extremely glad to think that a book in which so much of solid thought, and so much of deep and sound theology is collected, will meet not only with a large sale, which may be secured to it by the reputation of the author, but with a considerable number of attentive students. It is necessarily controversial in its line of argument. The old question of the authority of the Divinely appointed teacher is as rife now as it was when the Judaisers tried to invalidate the authority of the Apostle of the Gentiles. The very facts in the life of St. Paul to which he refers in this Epistle have been made the battlefield of contention. The Epistle is a controversial work in the strictest sense of the term, and it is necessary that any good comment upon it, or any treatise founded upon it, should also be to a great extent controversial. But the positive method of dealing

with controversial subjects is that which Father Humphrey evidently prefers, and this preference makes the volume before us eminently useful.

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3. *Lectures and Essays.* By the late W. K. Clifford. Macmillan and Co.

It is always a mournful sight to see a man of energy and ability devoting his powers to the purposes of mere worldly ambition and to the attainment of some selfish object in life. But there is a far sadder and more mournful sight, the sight of high talent and remarkable intellectual gifts given up not to the service of Him Who gave them, but to a persistent and obstinate enmity against God, to an ingenious and deliberate search after every argument which can be plausibly urged against the duty of loving Him, worshipping Him, and, indeed, of believing in His very existence. And the sight is sadder still when this high talent and these remarkable gifts belong to one who is of a gentle and amiable nature, one who is loved by friends and companions, one around whom little children cluster, charmed by his pleasant voice and clever words, one who can hold an educated audience spell-bound as he pours out the treasures of his learning and the brilliant creations of his brain.

This mournful picture rises up before us as we read the present volumes. Professor Clifford was not only a man of ability, but of real genius; his personal character was a kind and gentle one, and though it was marred by the sceptical, and worse than sceptical, opinions of which he became the bold and outspoken apostle, yet even the blasphemies which often sinned not only against all religion, but against common courtesy and good taste, proceeded to some extent not from deliberate malice, but from the revolt of a powerful mind against untenable religious opinions. We believe that Professor Clifford's bitter hostility to Christianity in general, and to priests in particular, was owing in great measure to the illogical and deformed view of Christianity in which he was brought up, and to the fact that he judged the priest not from personal acquaintance, but from an imaginary being who was the creation of his own mind, and who combined the worst features of the Anglican ecclesiastic and of the Roman priest as average Anglicans suppose him to be. Not that this is any excuse for the frightful blasphemies which Professor Clifford pours

forth against all religion, natural as well as revealed, but at least it explains what otherwise would be most inexplicable, and leads us to hope that the sin was in the first instance one of ignorance rather than of malice. We have also to take into account the untenable character of the philosophy on which English orthodoxy rests, and in judging the modern English sceptic, or nihilist, we must remember that he is in general wholly ignorant of the basis of reason on which Catholic philosophy is built up, and is quite untrained in those scientific principles without which speculation is mere guesswork, and hypothesis is undistinguishable from metaphysical axiom.

But taking the gentlest view that we can of Professor Clifford's writings and opinions, and making every possible allowance for one who knew little or nothing of true Christianity, it is impossible not to read without a feeling of sickening disgust the fierce and bitter sarcasms which he pours forth against all that men hold sacred, and the ingenious and perverse sophisms, always shallow, and often positively silly, by which he seeks to undermine the existing belief in God. We will not sully our pages with the worst of them, but it is worth while quoting the following passage from his *Essay on the Ethics of Religion*, because it is based on fallacies obvious at first sight to one who knows anything of Catholic theology, though to the consistent Protestant we can well understand that it presents a very serious difficulty.

"Religious beliefs must be founded on evidence; if they are not so founded, it is wrong to hold them. The rule of right conduct in this matter is exactly the opposite of that implied in the two famous texts, 'He that believeth not shall be damned,' and 'Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.' For a man who clearly felt and recognized the duty of intellectual honesty, of carefully testing every belief before he received it, and especially before he recommended it to others, it would be impossible to ascribe the profoundly immoral teaching of these texts to a true prophet or worthy leader of humanity. It will comfort those who wish to preserve their reverence for the character of a great teacher to remember that one of these sayings is in the well-known forged passage at the end of the second Gospel, and that the other occurs only in the late and legendary fourth Gospel; both being described as spoken under utterly impossible circumstances. These precepts belong to the Church, not to the Gospel."

If Professor Clifford had ever made himself acquainted with the Catholic doctrine respecting motives of credibility, and had been aware that the Catholic Church requires no one to accept her teaching until he is reasonably convinced of the certain truth of her claim to be an infallible teacher of men, he would scarcely have written the words we have quoted. If he had ever carefully weighed the evidence of the authenticity of the Gospels, he would not have set aside with his off-hand dogmatism the claims of the Gospel of St. John and of the final verses of St. Mark. If he had taken the trouble to examine the explanation of the texts that he is attacking, as it is given in any book of Catholic exegesis, he would not have so completely misunderstood their meaning. It is true that here, as elsewhere, he sins from ignorance, but such ignorance is grossly culpable, especially when we think what is the character of the questions he is discussing, and what are the interests at stake.

Nor are these volumes less dogmatic on questions of philosophy and on the mystery of freewill. Professor Clifford, with all his wonderful ability, seems to be ignorant of the very first principles of rational philosophy, and talks at random, as Protestants generally do, often misled by ambiguities in words, and assuming conclusions that he does not prove. Take for instance the following passage from the *Essay on Body and Mind*, which furnishes us with a characteristic example of the inconsequent reasoning and somewhat arbitrary inference to which Professor Clifford is addicted.

"If we suppose that in the action of the brain there is some point where physical causes do not apply, and where there is a discontinuity, then it will follow that some of our actions are not dependent on our character. Provided the action which goes on in my brain is a continuous one, subject to physical rules, then it will depend on what the character of my brain is; but if there is a certain point where the law of causation does not apply, where my action does not follow by regular physical causes from what I am, then I am not responsible for it, because it is not I that do it. So you see the notion that we are not automata destroys responsibility; because, if my actions are not determined by my character in accordance with the particular circumstances which occur, then I am not responsible for them, and it is not I that do them."

We leave our readers to judge of the force of this curious

argument, and of the logic which guides the writer to his conclusions. It is a fair example of the rest; a clear beautiful style and a picturesque vividness of expression does duty throughout these volumes for solid reasoning and for reliable statement of facts.

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4. *Entering on Life.* A Book for Young Men. By Cunningham Geikie, D.D. Strahan and Company.

The popularity of this book is proved by its having already reached a seventh edition; it is written in a very earnest spirit, and contains a great deal of excellent advice, methodically arranged and clothed in a very attractive form. This being the case, it is all the more to be regretted that its merit and benefit to Catholic youth should be so seriously damaged by the false religious teaching of the chapters on *Christianity* and *Helps*, and in parts of the chapter under the title of *Dreams*, while the strong Protestantism of the author frequently manifests itself throughout and directs his selection of examples. This is evidently therefore not a book to be recommended to Catholic youth in general, touching as it does on a subject into which the question of religion so largely and necessarily enters. It must be said however that, although from this point of view the writer cannot be regarded by us in the light of a teacher, still even in the chapters above named several points are exceedingly well put, as, for instance, in drawing the contrast between Christianity and Paganism, and in answering the objection to miracles, and to the efficacy of prayer. In matters of religious doctrine Dr. Geikie is of course radically and hopelessly wrong, and he stands committed to all the prejudices and misstatements of the religious body to which he belongs.

The Church, sacraments, books, friends, examples, &c., are classed together as *Helps*, but in comparison with the rest the two first mentioned are held in such small account as to be virtually ignored. It follows, as a natural consequence, that the authenticity of the text of Scripture and the completeness of its causes are to be gathered wholly from interior evidence obtained within the book itself, and the individual study of the Bible is to be our real guide to spiritual truth. Without doing more than drawing attention to the fact that ample proof of the falseness of such a view, and of the misrepresentations and

inconsistency involved in its defence may be collected from Dr. Geikie's own arguments and assumptions, it is sufficient simply to point out the wrong bias of his book on its religious side.

The brief essay on youth tells many truths, but stops short with being merely descriptive, and rises no higher than simply natural religion, it requires the definite aim and firm grasp of the subject imparted by supernatural faith to fill in the picture and draw from it its true moral. There is much excellent advice given on most of the other points discussed. With respect to companions, a young man is warned against forming sudden friendships, or breaking off tried ones lightly. The first on the list of those whose friendship he ought carefully to eschew is the fast young man, who is fast in spending all that he has in purse, conscience, or health, with equal folly and recklessness, and who is to be found as readily in the shop, the warehouse, the office, the chambers, the universities, or the schools, as in Mayfair or Blackwall. The vampire companion is another enemy to be avoided, one who in the meanness of his heart victimizes a young man as long as he can use him, throws himself in his way, pretends great interest in him, flatters and follows him, and then flings him away like a squeezed orange. The choice of friends holding either a much higher or a much lower position is not recommended. "A companion with more to spend than yourself, is likely either to make you feel your inferiority, or you will feel it of yourself, before long, and lose your manliness. You sink into a familiar, at the bidding of a patron, and too often come to think your degradation an honour. Intellectual superiority, or superiority in knowledge, is a different thing from mere social difference." Under the head of Success, it is well said that one of the worst faults of human nature, in every age, is, the worship of success by itself, apart from the means used to get it. "With the spread of wealth the moral sense of the nation has become widely debauched. Bad work, in some trades, is unblushingly defended. It seems as if all the world were playing double or quits." It is most useful for the young man to have the following maxims urged with considerable development upon him, that there is no success, in common life, without industry, while competition demands application and diligence, if we would not be beaten. "Industry saves the moments, acts with full knowledge, gives its heart to its work, keeps its eyes and ears open, is always rather too soon than too

late, and meets opportunity as it comes. Industry has much of the Divine in it, even without genius. Industry and Intelligence are two rounds on the ladder; Character is a third. I mean the individuality, decision, and energy, which bear that name. Industry and Honesty do not always go together; but they need to do so to secure success." After praising healthy and judicious reading, comes this word of caution: "It must not be thought that books alone make a man, or that merely to know them is education." Equally needed is the counsel to choose only the best books, and to read them well; to make a conscience of reading nothing inferior; and to avoid reading too much and thinking too little, while quick readers can carry little away with them; thus the how we read is included as well as the what we read. There is then much that is sound in this volume of counsel for those who know how to separate the good corn from the tares which mingle with it.

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5. *The Catholic Church and the Kaffir.* A brief sketch of the progress of Catholicity in South Africa, and the prospects of extensive Catholic missions, on the point of being founded for the natives of British Kaffraria. By the Right Rev. Dr. Ricards, Bishop of Retimo, and Vicar Apostolic of the Eastern Vicariate of the Cape Colony. London: Burns and Oates; Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son. 1879.

The contents of this little volume are almost sufficiently explained in the title page. It relates to a subject in which all Catholic Englishmen should feel the deepest interest. The Vicar Apostolic of the district in which British Kaffraria lies has conceived very noble and farsighted schemes for the improvement and conversion of the large Kaffir population which dwells within our territories. His plans involve the best hope of that great population, which does not seem likely to dwindle and die away before the face of the white settlers, and which will in all probability increase in numbers and in power, so that, when it shall have gained the educational advantages and mental and intellectual development of which it appears capable, and which are already within its reach, it will be able to assert itself, as we may fairly hope, in such a way as to preclude the possibility of its being sacrificed to the love of greed, or the jealousy, of the white subjects of the British Crown. There is the possibility of the formation of a large and loyal Christian community out of these Kaffirs. The account given of them by Bishop Ricards, which will be

found in the fourth chapter of his volume, will show any intelligent reader that, low as is their present state in many material and most important points, there are yet capabilities about them which promise a great blessing on the labour of civilizing and Christianizing them. Of course one of the most fatal elements in the case is the certainty that these poor Kaffirs will be exposed to the solicitations of false teachers, as well as to the manifold evil of contact with bad Europeans. The plan of Dr. Ricards is to plant in the midst of this large population a colony of Trappists who may do for them the work which has been done for the Arab population of Algeria, by the famous mission of the same devoted monks at Staouéli. We believe that there is little doubt that the large area of land which will be required for so magnificent an undertaking will be at the disposal of the Bishop, and that the colony of Trappists will be ready to begin their blessed work before long. But so bold an enterprize will tax to the utmost the resources of the Vicariate, and a considerable sum will be required to ensure the success of the plan. It appears that the mission to the Kaffirs has the advantage of being under the protection of a martyr of its own—the famous Father Gonsalez Silveira, put to death for the faith in 1561. Dr. Ricards gives a very interesting account of his martyrdom, and of the finding of his remains in the following century.

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## II.—NOTICES.

6. *The Life of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ and of His Virgin Mother Mary.*  
 Translated from the original of Rev. L. C. Businger by Rev. Richard Brennan, A.M., Pastor of St. Rose's Church, New York. Illustrated. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis : Benziger Brothers ; London : Burns and Oates.

Of the thirty-eight numbers, of which this excellent “Family Book” for every Catholic home” will consist, when it is completed, ten have hitherto appeared. They bring the history down to the presentation of our Blessed Lord in the Temple. The first part, which runs through a little more than eight numbers, gives a concise account of the remote preparation for the coming of the Messiah ; the second part treats of the immediate preparation in which the patristic tradition about St. Emerentiana, the mother of St. Ann, is the starting-point. No Catholic writer, and indeed no writer who believes in the inspiration of the Old Testament, would or could commence a Life of Jesus Christ with His Nativity at Bethlehem. Each chapter ends with pious reflections ; for the evident purpose of the author and the translator alike is to present the Life of our Lord as “spiritual reading” and material for quiet meditation in

Catholic families, not as a class-book for students preparing to stand an examination in Bible History. The laudable effort can scarcely fail to meet with success, for few books have been published with equally satisfactory testimonials of high approbation. The first number opens with an imposing array of archiepiscopal and episcopal autographs. The illustrations which are scattered in profusion everywhere are judiciously selected. The type is large and clear. To be brief, the work is worthy of high praise both in the intention and in the execution. Such a publication is in itself a sign of the progress made by the Church in America, and it cannot fail to have its own usefulness in helping to spread more widely the love of Jesus Christ and His Blessed Mother.

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7. *The Home of the Eddas.* By Charles G. W. Lock. London : Sampson, Low, and Rivington.

The elder and the younger Eddas are, it seems, two literary works in the Norse tongue, descriptive of the historical achievements and of the ancient mythology of Scandinavia. Iceland is the home of these productions, and hence this volume is simply a book of travels in Iceland. Although the journey itself was undertaken in the prosecution of business rather than pleasure, and involved the experiences of so trying a season as a winter of more than six months, spent in the midst of hard ice and deep snows, one useful result has been the gathering together of much exact information as to the language, domestic habits, and geography of the island. Great care has been expended on securing the accurate spelling of each Icelandic word and local name, with the character and accentuation peculiar to the country, while the English signification is given in each case. Not only has the writer very happily blended minute details with a pleasant and spirited narrative of general events, but he makes use both of appendix and index to give a fuller explanation of the origin or meaning of terms employed in his book, and to supply the future traveller with valuable knowledge as to postal routes and stations, besides such practical points as the means and equipments of travel both for man and beast, not to mention the proper sort of money to pay one's way with, and apparatus for shooting and fishing whereby to enliven it. The addition of an excellent map, especially compiled for the Royal Geographical Society, makes this account of Iceland a remarkably complete one. Dr. C. Le Neve Foster is the author of a separate chapter, describing his expedition in 1876 across the terrible desert of the *Sprengisandr*, or Bursting-Sand. Notwithstanding this title, it must be understood that the distance traversed was not so much a sandy plain as a large trackless expanse utterly devoid of vegetation, covered with stones, and diversified by valleys and hills several hundred feet high, besides quicksands and streams which issue from ice fields and are perpetually shifting their course. A more uninviting line of march could scarcely be conceived.

8. *My Lords of Strogue*, a Chronicle of Ireland, from the Convention to the Union.  
By Hon. Lewis Wingfield, Author of *Lady Grizel*, &c. Bentley, 1879.

We cannot help regretting that the author of this exceedingly clever story should so often weaken the effect of his best descriptions and most tragic announcements by an undertone of half-cynical banter. This is a serious fault, because it tends to destroy the scenic illusion, reminding us, just when we ought to be encouraged to forget, that we are hearers and not spectators. It is too bad that we should be told, that Robert Emmett "sang 'The Sword' with a firm and mellow voice, which never quailed till, the board on which he stood being tilted up, he was set free to join the band that were impatiently awaiting him beyond the Styx." A defect which might have passed unnoticed in a novel of the common sort is almost irritating in a composition of high excellence like *My Lords of Strogue*. The times of which Mr. Wingfield gives the history were full of terror. In the dominant caste in Ireland moral degradation and arrogance had reached their limit in acts of sickening cruelty, and among the peasantry sullen discontent had ripened into the thirst for a bloody revenge. There was a close connection between these two, which is well marked in these volumes, being shown in the skilful development of incidents rather than asserted in express terms. The young and dissipated Lord Glandore, his mother's pride, though she acknowledged to herself and him that he was not clever and certainly not good, a slim and delicate boy, who having been elected President of "the Cherokees," was bound by the rules of his office to fight a duel at least once a week, reveals to us (in the first volume) his understanding of the social intercourse of rich and poor by assisting in a "whimsical accident"—the murder in a drunken frolic of a poor unarmed shoemaker, and then (in the third volume) pays the reckoning, being killed by the son of his victim in a popular outbreak, the natural consequence of all this stupid pride.

The characters are well elaborated and well sustained. The unselfish yet enlightened efforts of Curran are put in a clearer light by contrast with the braggart speeches of men who were patriots before they turned informers, and with the reckless impetuosity of true-hearted, but foolish boys. "The little advocate" is the very best thing in a work where nearly all is good.

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9. *Knocknagow*: or the Homes of Tipperary. By Charles J. Kickham. Dublin:  
James Duffy, Sons, and Co.

After having been out of print for many years, though not forgotten, this story of Catholic life in Tipperary makes its appearance once again with a reputation already gained. We are assured that the characters are real, and only the names fictitious. The picture is, indeed, very life-like, and the author has the rare talent of keeping himself out of

sight, and speaking to his readers only through the men and women who move about at his bidding. There is no ostentation of piety, or painful consciousness of an impending "moral," to which all the events must be made to converge; but there is the wholesome, hearty, intense Catholicity of real Irish life in every page. Some of the portraits are delightful. Mary Kearney is a pattern young lady, making all happy round her, and showing virtue and religion in the most amiable light, but not in the least aware of her own superior excellence. The invalid girl, Norah Lahy, the tailor's daughter, who had won the deep and reverent love of all, gentle and simple, in the village of Knocknagow and near it, so that hearts were breaking when she died, is sketched by a skilful hand. We wish we could quote, for an example of the author's happiest style, the touching story of Mat Donovan's courtship, but the closing scene depends for all its pathos upon the gradual elaboration of a noble character in the course of many previous chapters. Mat Donovan, in manliness and loyal faith, is the Irish peasant farmer at his best. He can plough and throw the hammer against all comers, and he puts his whole soul into everything he does, whether it be "hunting the wren" on St. Stephen's Day, or pursuing the girl of his heart across the Atlantic, not to press his own suit, but to see that she comes to no harm. The Irish gift of speech is not forgotten. Mat Donovan dashes off metaphors like the Ettrick Shepherd in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*.

"I thought you had a good crop of potatoes. I never saw finer."

"They turned out bad," said Mat.

"Were those the potatoes behind your house, Mat?" Miss Kearney asked. . . .

"The very same, miss," Mat replied, with a sorrowful shake of the head. "I never laid my eyes on such desavers."

"I suppose they were blighted," said Miss Kearney.

"No then, miss," he replied, with a reproachful sadness in his look and voice. "Every stalk ov 'em would make a rafter for a house the first of November. But put the best man in the parish to dig 'em after, and a duck 'ud swally all he'd be able to turn out from morning till night."

The story of Knocknagow turns upon an edict of eviction procured by a dishonest agent from a kind-hearted but absentee landlord.

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10. *Moral Discourses.* By the Rev. Patrick O'Keefe, C.C., Moyne, Archdiocese of Cashel. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1879.

This series of short sermons, combining catechetical instruction with pastoral exhortation, although addressed in the first instance to "plain unpretending people," is not on that account less worthy to be read by less simple folk. We recommend to Canon Farrar the refutation,<sup>1</sup> delightfully brief, and quite sufficient, though necessarily not original,

<sup>1</sup> P. 127.

of his fallacy about the brethren of our Lord, for we perceive with pain that, as if not satisfied with having laboured to prove in his *Life of Christ* that our Blessed Lady, after she had been by a stupendous miracle enabled to preserve her virginity in maternity, was permitted by her Divine Son to become an ordinary mother, he takes occasion, in his *Life and Work of St. Paul*, recently published, to declare himself once more the champion of that ignoble heresy, which roused St. Jerome's honest indignation.

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11. *The Development of English Literature.* The Old English Period. By Brother Azarias, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, Professor of English Literature in Rock Hill College, Maryland, Author of a *Philosophy of Literature*. New York : D. Appleton and Co., 1879.

We have often adverted with expressions of joy and gratitude to the movement which is now producing in the Church of the United States so many useful school-books of higher and lower studies. The present little volume, though its ultimate purpose lies more in the domain of history than literature, seeing that "it seeks in the manners and customs, the religion and law and government and international relations of the old English people, the sources whence the literature of that people derives its tone and colouring," is intended to be, in its practical use, a class-book of English literature, supplying teachers with materials for instruction and helping them to arrange their knowledge, but leaving to them to fill up according to their wisdom the outlines here placed at their service.

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12. *Pleasant Days in Pleasant Places.* By Edward Walford, M.A. London : Hardwicke and Brogue.

These descriptive sketches of certain ruined castles and antiquated mansions bearing less familiar names than are met with in most illustrated works, lose no part of their interest by having already appeared in a periodical, some ten years since. Such retired quiet spots as Dorney ; the Mote, Ightham ; and Old Moreton Hall are well deserving of especial mention, while the accounts of historical sites so little frequented as St. Osyth's Priory, St. David's, Hadleigh, Richborough Castle, and others, remind one how singularly rich each English county is in ruins which mark the centres of a life and activity that have long ere this passed away. Kindred in interest and character with the places described by Mr. Walford is Stokesay Castle, standing beside the banks of the river Onny in Shropshire, and forming almost a unique specimen of a mansion in the thirteenth century, fortified subsequently to the erection of the domestic portion of the house. The Shropshire Archaeological Society drew attention last year to this old castle with its moat, its strong tower, and its singularly fine carved and parquetted gatehouse, and gave woodcut illustrations as accurately drawn as are the designs with which Mr. Walford's little volume is plentifully supplied.

13. *Sketches and Studies in Italy.* By John Addington Symonds. London : Smith, Elder, and Co.

From a literary point of view these short essays and descriptive pieces are pleasingly written, though somewhat abrupt in the transition of their subjects, as well as unequal in merit. In these, as in his other writings, Mr. Symonds offends by the narrowness of his prejudice against Catholic devotion and his incapacity to appreciate Catholic art, or to write upon it without frequent indulgence in a sneer. There are surely both greater truth and greater liberality in doing full justice to the beauties and excellences of pagan sculpture or architecture, without showing such marked preference for them to the disadvantage of everything that is Catholic and Christian. The eye that does not look through the spectacles of a strong religious bias dwells gratefully on grace of outline and richness or delicacy of ornamentation wherever these are to be found. The most valuable dissertations in the book are those on the popular Italian Poetry of the Renaissance, and on the origin and history of Blank Verse, the latter being placed last as an appendix. This is a subject in which the author feels himself at home, and being itself well studied it fully repays the careful study of the reader. A special section is devoted to a criticism on the blank verse of Milton.

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14. *Egypt under Ismail Pacha.* Edited by Blanchard Jerrold. London : Samuel Tinsley and Co.

Appearing only a short time before the enforced abdication of the late Khedive, this adverse criticism of Ismail Pacha's character and rule seems to have been written almost in anticipation of an event to which however it makes no allusion. The sources whence this review has been drawn are to be found in several portly works on the financial condition of Egypt recently produced by M. de Leon, Mr. M'Coan, and others, and in books of travel or articles like that of Mr. Dicey published in the *Nineteenth Century*. Although himself obliged to resign the reins of government, Ismail Pacha has attained one main object of his life in the succession of his son, Tewfik, to the throne. Three hundred years ago the constant occurrence of fratricidal butcheries led to the proclamation that henceforth in accordance with the spirit of the law and tradition of Genghis Khan the succession should devolve upon the eldest prince of the whole dynasty, and since that time its provisions have been in unbroken operation. At an enormous cost Ismail succeeded in obtaining from his Suzerain, Abdul Aziz, the firman of May 27, 1866, by which the succession to the Vice-royalty was diverted from the highly able and popular legitimate heir, Prince Halim, to the eldest member of his own immediate family, and this as only one step in his great plan of its aggrandisement at all points. Since he has been able to carry out this object, and the new Khedive,

nicknamed, it would seem, "Mademoiselle Frederick," is reported to be "closely identified with the worst traditions of his father's reign—its jobbery, plunder, and oppression, and to be unremarked for a single thought or act promising those qualities which Egypt must demand from her future rulers, if she is really to take rank on a line with the European Powers," there is not much to hope from a Government which has already proved sufficiently unsatisfactory. This short volume contains some illustrations taken from the *Abou-Naddarah* or *Punch of Cairo*; Professor Samua is the Abou-Naddarah, or "Man in the Blue Spectacles."

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15. *Pages from the Autobiography of a Convert to Rome.* By W. N. Williams and Norgate, 1879.

As the doubt of St. Thomas when it was over served to add strength to his words as a witness of the Resurrection, so the experience of one who has had difficulties and surmounted them may afford more help to many who are seeking the truth than the sudden, unhesitating conviction which glances into the mind of others like a light from Heaven, once for all. To Catholics a difficulty is altogether different from a doubt, for this at least they always know, that it is vain to seek outside the Church of Christ a solution which eludes their grasp within her pale.

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16. *The Life of St. Colette.* By Mrs. Parsons. Burns and Oates. 1879.

We cannot consent to dismiss this most interesting life of a great saint, not yet as well known in England as she deserves to be, with the bare mention of its publication, and therefore as we cannot find space in our present number for the remarks which we desire to make about St. Colette, we shall return to the subject in our next impression.

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17. *St. George's Hymn-Tune Book.* Compiled by the Rev. Joseph Reeks, the accompaniments revised by Dr. Crookall and Herr Meyer Lutz. London: Novello, Ewer, and Co.

The usefulness of this collection of thirty-seven familiar hymn-tunes, fourteen being now for the first time published though they have been long in use, will be recognized outside the limits of the congregation of St. George's Cathedral, Southwark, for whose service it was in the first instance intended.





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NEW BOOKS FOR OCTOBER.

*Life of St. Thomas of Hereford.* By Father Strange.  
*The Catholic Church and the Kaffir.*  
*St. Thomas on the Adorable Sacrament of the Altar.* Edited by Father Rawes.  
*The Life of St. Colette.* By Mrs. Parsons.  
*The Manna of the Soul.* By Father Segneri (Fourth Volume).  
*The Shemitic Origin of the Nations of Western Europe.*  
*Other Gospels.* By Father Humphrey.  
*The Scientific Value of Tradition.*  
*Jack's Boy.* By F. M. S.  
*A Victim of the Falk Laws.*  
*The Mission of the Zambezi.* By Father Weld, S.J.  
*Life of Mary Aikenhead.*  
*Essays on Devotional and Scriptural Subjects.* By W. G. Ward.  
*Sketches of the Life of Mgr. Mazenod.* Vol. I.  
*The Credentials of the Catholic Church.* By Rev. J. B. Bagshawe.  
*The Jesuits, their Foundation and History.* Vol. II.  
*Legends of the Saxon Saints.* By Aubrey de Vere.  
*Pietas Mariana Britannica.* By E. Waterton.  
*History of the Society of Jesus.* By B. N.  
*A Gracious Life (Mme. Acarie).* By E. Bowles.  
*Réminiscences.* Par Mme. Craven.  
*The Life of Bishop Fisher.*  
*Harding the Money Spinner.* By Miles G. Keon.  
*Cambria Sacra.*  
*Wiesener's Jeunesse d'Elisabeth d'Angleterre.*  
*The King's Secret.*  
*Poems of the late R. S. Hawker.*  
*Life of St. M. Frances of the Five Wounds.*  
*Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty.*  
*The Manna of the Soul.* By Father Segneri. (Third Volume).  
*Three Catholic Reformers.* By M. H. Allies.  
*The Sermon on the Mount.* By Father Coleridge.  
*Life of Father Benvenuto Bambozzi.*  
*A Benedictine of the Fourteenth Century.*  
*The Cure's Niece.*  
*Le Saint Homme de Tours.*  
*La Médaille Miraculeuse.*  
*Roman Violets.*  
*Life of Sister Jeanne Bénigne Gojos.*  
*Christian Life and Virtues.* Vol. II.

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